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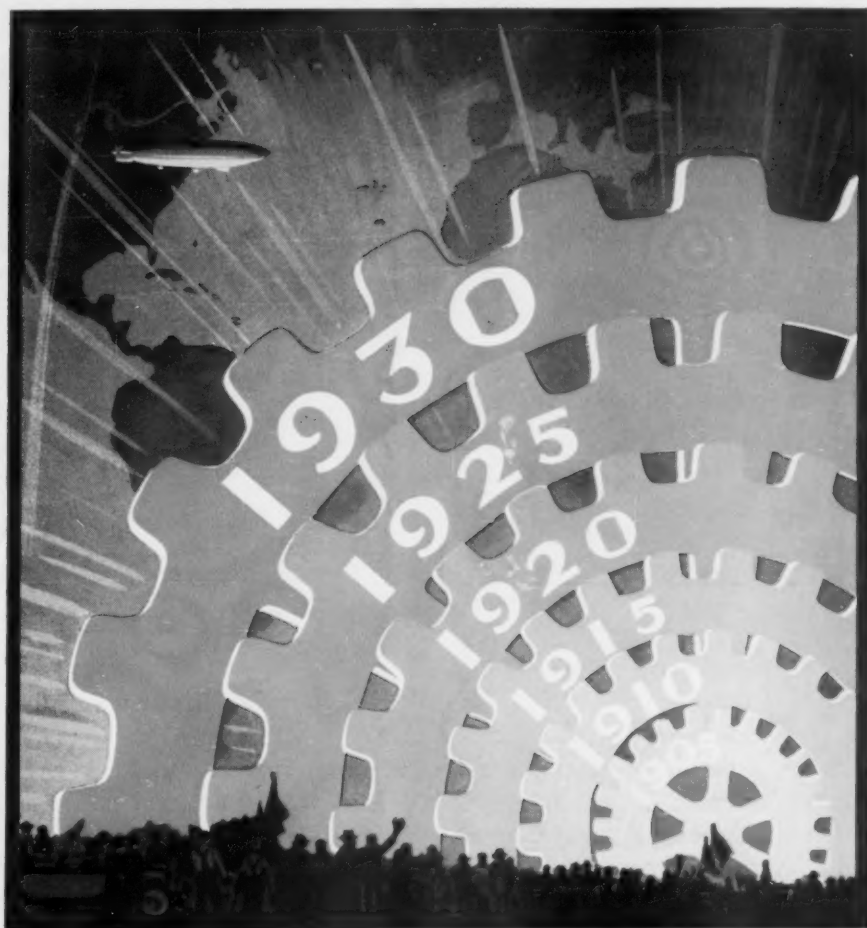
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By Merle Thorpe

The Oregon Boot on the Service Club

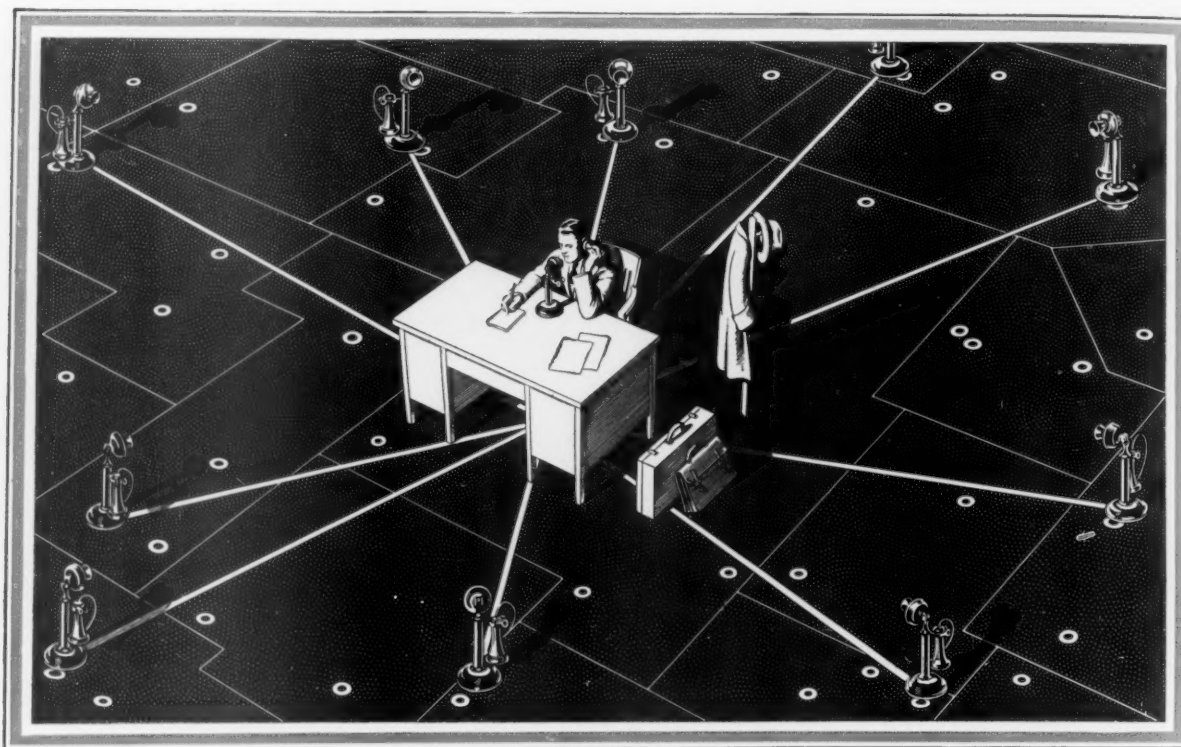
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## Next Month—

### Meredith Nicholson

*Novelist  
Essayist  
Political  
Observer*

THE famous author of "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Port of Missing Men," and other stirring chronicles and romances has written another constructive article for Rotarians on the importance of successful business men engaging in civic affairs.

Since his previous article in THE ROTARIAN, Author Nicholson has served his home city (a large Mid-West American Capital) as "city father" and so brings to his discussion actual experience, fresh enthusiasm, and deep conviction. His article will be of far-reaching significance to everyone interested in good government.

### Charles E. Barker

*Rotary  
Boys'  
Worker*

AN INTIMATE interview with Rotary's well-known boys' worker, conducted while at work in a typical city, and written by Robert Lathan, editor of the Asheville Citizen, winner of the Pulitzer Prize (1928) for the best editorial. Replete with the personal experiences of Dr. Barker in boys' work, the interview at the same time will furnish a thoroughly frank estimate of the success of his work.

### Matthew Lyle Spencer

*University  
President*

DR. SPENCER challenges the present educational system in a forceful, outspoken discussion of the weaknesses that assail our schools and colleges. Contrasting antiquated school practices with modern methods in business and industry, he points out many flaws, and offers remedies. His article is an outstanding contribution to the controversy on "What's the matter with our colleges?"



MEREDITH NICHOLSON



CHARLES E. BARKER

These and other distinguished men who are building for the future—in business, professional and social life—write for you unstintingly out of the fullness of their experience—in the March Number.



# THE ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by Rotary International

M. EUGENE NEWSOM

President

CHESLEY R. PERRY

Secretary

**A**NNIVERSARIES serve more than one useful purpose. In addition to marking the passage of time, they are a convenient milepost at which to pause and survey the field of past accomplishments.

The twenty-fifth milestone marks the end of the first quarter of Rotary's history and is a strategic point from which to view its work. The field of Rotary opens wide before one. The pioneering has been a substantial process. Rotary has worked in virgin lands and is reaping a bountiful harvest. Not yet in its prime, its best years are still ahead. The achievements of its past presage a glorious future.

It is this youthful, vibrant spirit of Rotary that we have attempted to interpret in this Twenty-fifth Anniversary Number, without recording in detail old landmarks and past events. Last year, in the February issue, a brief history of Rotary was published.

The author of the article on "The Oregon Boot on the Service Club" is a member of Kiwanis. Mr. Bolles' article which we asked him to write, sounds a warning note on the occasion of Rotary's birthday and celebration of the birth of the service club. As a member of another club, he tells us of some of the fetters halting the progress of the service-club movement.

His article created warm discussion upon its arrival in the editorial offices. Perhaps the title started it. "What's an Oregon Boot?" several asked. Enlightenment was not long withheld for the author explained that it was part of the garb of the well-dressed convict. But that explanation only brought additional questions. "Were service clubs wearing shackles?" "Were they chained to out-moded ideas?" "Was Rotary retarding its own progress?"

Some there were who insisted, instead of Oregon Boots, service clubs were actually wearing Seven League boots. They pointed to the progress made in twenty-five years as proof of their contention. Here is a nice question. Club committees seeking material for a lively program should find the subject sufficiently controversial. It should stimulate an exciting debate.

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**T**HOSE readers who like to inform themselves as to "Who's Who" among our contributors will be interested to know that STEPHEN BOLLES has been editor of the Daily Gazette of Janesville, Wisconsin, a newspaper published in a city of 22,000 with 15,000 circulation. He is a notable speaker, and active member of Kiwanis, and a former member of the Publicity Committee of Kiwanis International. He speaks as often before Rotary clubs as his own society and delivered the dedication oration at the unveiling of the monument for World War veterans erected by the Lions Club of Janesville.

LILLIAN DOW DAVIDSON is traveling with her husband who is Honorary Commissioner engaged in extension work at the present time in the Near East. She is a graduate of the University of California. CARLO BOS is an Italian who has served for twenty-nine years in the Chinese Maritime Customs Service, stationed at Shanghai. PAUL P. HARRIS, president emeritus of Rotary International, has been taking a much-needed vacation in New Mexico and Colorado seeking convalescence after a serious illness.

MERLE THORPE is editor of the Nation's Business, journal of the United States Chamber of Commerce. He is a public speaker of note, has addressed many Rotary clubs and was one of the speakers at the Toronto convention. ALLEN A. STOCKDALE is pastor of the Rogers Park Congregational Church of Chicago and a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago. THOMAS ARKLE CLARK, for twenty-five years dean of men at the University of Illinois, is a member of the Rotary Club of Champaign.

BENNETT SCOTT who lives in Coventry, England, has long been interested in community problems. "JONVIC" is the *nom de plume* of a British Rotarian journalist. STELLA F. BADGER occupies an executive post at Rotary headquarters at Chicago, but during the present Rotary year is assigned as secretary to the president of Rotary International. She has served Rotary for nine years. "ROTATOR" is the pseudonym of a Rotarian who pauses in the midst of a busy life to offer some reflections on age and youth.



*A new  
portrait  
by  
Otto J.  
Schneider*

## Paul P. Harris

*President Emeritus of Rotary  
International and Founder of  
the first Rotary Club.*

ON ITS twenty-fifth anniversary Rotary is happy to pay homage to the man who brought it into being on a memorable day in February 1905. Rotary was then humbly conceived in answer to a human need for fellowship. This desire of Paul Harris for friendly companionship proved to be a universal need among business and professional men. Few are the cities now without service clubs. Today, approximately, ten thousand such clubs and three hundred thousand members reveal the magnitude of the movement founded by a lonely lawyer in a great city.

Paul Harris will greet a great assemblage of Rotarians in Chicago next June. His own club of four original members has grown to a strong organization of over five hundred. Rotarians will be proud to salute the founder of Rotary in the city of its origin.

# THE ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE  
AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL,  
BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

VOLUME XXXVI

FEBRUARY, 1930

NUMBER 2

## If Rip, Jr., Should Wake Up!

By PAUL P. HARRIS

WHEN Rip Van Winkle awoke, on a certain historic occasion, he found himself surrounded by things familiar and things unfamiliar. There were enough of the familiar to convince him of his own identity—to link him with the past and to create a reasonable presumption that he was not at the moment dreaming.

If Rip Van Winkle, Jr., after the manner of his sire, had laid himself down for a quarter-of-a-century *siesta* on the evening of February 23rd, 1905, he also would have had a rude awakening.

He would have found changes in the material world without number. The success of man in his feverish race against time would have been amazing.

The trouble with Rip, Jr., would have been acute indigestion, the result of trying to take in too many things at once. If they had seeped into his consciousness one at a time it would have been with him as it has been with everyone else, a case of taking it all in and reaching out for more.

As it has been with things physical so also has it been with the metaphysical. To one who had closed his eyes on the twenty-third day of February, 1905, and opened them again February 23rd, 1930, readjustment to a new manner of thinking would have been necessary. He would have gone to sleep in one world, and awakened in another. Upon awakening, his first question would have been: "What are men doing with my world? Obviously they are taking liberties with it. What is the reason for this new view of life?"

Back in 1905, business was not going to sleep, it was just beginning to awaken. For generations, it had soothed its conscience and found contentment in the time-honored doctrine *Caveat Emptor* by virtue of which the tradesman was licensed to defraud his customer. As a soporific the doctrine worked!

Another characteristic aphorism of the period was, "When business begins, friendship ends." The tragedy of the latter doctrine was that it broadened the scope of *Caveat Emptor* to include one's friends, thus knocking the last prop from under the vagarists who were preaching the Golden Rule. Business men and tradesmen from time immemorial had been held in general disrepute and their very human reaction

was to enjoy the game if they must suffer the name.

But business and business men were not the only converts to the theory that it is a good plan to cheat the other fellow and to cheat him first. Community spirit was conspicuous by its absence, and nations were making preparations for the war which was to come. Only dreamers were interested in safeguarding future civilization.

ON THE evening of February 23rd, 1905, four young business and professional men of Chicago assembled to discuss the organizing of a club on a plan submitted by one member of the group. The plan was simple and eventually proved to be an excellent foundation on which to build. From that day to this, building has never ceased. Rotary has established itself in more than a half-hundred countries and its advance is more rapid today than ever before. Its establishment in all civilized countries is now but a question of time.

Since the 23rd of February, 1905, more than a score of organizations patterned after Rotary have come into being, enjoyed vigorous growth, and are now rendering a good account of themselves.

The spirit which found expression in the phrases *Caveat Emptor* and "When business begins, friendship ends," is facing unrelenting opposition in business life. The new spirit expressed in the phrase, "Service above Self" now manifests itself in business relationships and in community life. Indifference to international problems is no longer the rule. "All things whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," is an Oriental concept. The Service Clubs are giving it Occidental interpretation.

Errors of omission and errors of commission are still the rule, not the exception. If Rip Van Winkle, Jr., had awakened February 23rd, 1930, after a sleep of a quarter century duration, he would have discovered no millennium here; he would have found, however, that great changes have taken place, that new ideas have replaced the old, and that millions of earnest, purposeful men are working to the end of making this world a better place in which to live.





# A Rotary Review of Events



Thomas Mann, of Munich, winner of the Nobel Prize for literature, peels a Swedish potato, as guest of the Rotary Club of Stockholm.

Photo:  
Wide  
World

## Rotarian Wins Nobel Book Award

**F**OR twenty-eight years he wrote stories and books while fame hovered about but the greatest of all literary plums—the Nobel Award—eluded him.

Then after twenty-eight years of hard work and patient waiting, the prize caught up with him and Thomas Mann, of Munich, became the recipient of the Nobel Award for Literature for 1929. All Rotarians can well rejoice with him, for Thomas Mann was one of the first group of members when the Rotary Club of Munich was organized in 1928.

Germany and the world literary experts long have been wondering when the Nobel mantle of recognition would fall upon the deserving shoulders of tall, quiet Thomas Mann, now in his fifty-fourth year.

Year after year he seemed on the verge of winning, only to have the award go to a contemporary. And then the honor came—a bit belated it is true

but nevertheless worth waiting for, since the awards for 1929 are larger than ever before. Rotarian Mann will receive \$46,299.

The German writer is best known in his native land as the author of "Buddenbrooks," first published in 1901. Nearly three decades later the novel is selling there at the rate of 4,000 copies a year. "Buddenbrooks" really is a saga of the now moss-draped House of Mann, and through it can be seen clattering the ghost of the Manns' ancient family coach.

Mann's life has been a varied one, politically and otherwise. The coming of the war found him, like Gustav Stresemann—then a politician unknown to fame—aligned staunchly on the side of Kaiserdom and conquest. But, like Stresemann, he changed his whole attitude after defeat.

It was with astonishment and an in-born modesty that he recently received word of his good fortune, so long de-

layed. He looked upon it more as an honor for his native Germany than for himself.

"I am aware, of course," he said, "that of late years my name has been mentioned more frequently for the award, and I have asked myself again and again if there were not others more deserving of such renown. But any scruples I may have had as to whether or not I deserve this great honor have entirely disappeared in the satisfaction of knowing that after seventeen years the prize again has been awarded to a German writer.

"That Germany, my country, should be honored thus after so long a period may be taken as an indication that German prose, as well as its great poetry, are becoming known to other tongues, and that other countries may come to understand the evolution through which German prose has passed these last twenty years, and through which it has been brought to the front rank in literature."

One of the most interesting messages of congratulation received by the novelist came from a fellow-Rotarian, Bruno Frank, prominent German editor.

"The 150,000 men in all corners of the world, who are united in the bond of Rotary," he stated, "can well take pride in the knowledge that Thomas Mann is one of them. Not because fame hovers about him today, but because he possesses that spirit which will endure forever. Deeds are forgotten, but literature remains. And so, men looking back a hundred years from now will say, 'Why, yes, that was the time in which . . . Thomas Mann lived and wrote.'"

"In 1901, with the publication of his 'Buddenbrooks,' the leadership in German literature passed to another. Yes, Thomas Mann deserved this reward. It was he who has influenced the style of a whole generation, whether or not the German people were conscious of it."

## Crippled Children's Convention

**D**ELEGATES from many organizations engaged in crippled children's work will convene in Toronto next month for the convention of The International Society for Crippled Children.

The meeting will be held from March 17th to 19th and will be devoted to a

study of measures for the surgical relief, education, and training of crippled children. While the program itself is broad, it is carefully planned to provide frequent intervals for fellowship and sight-seeing.

Toronto is an ideal convention city. It is centrally located, enjoys a mild climate, and railways have already granted the regular convention rates of fare and a half for the round trip to the meeting.

Toronto has a live, flourishing Rotary club. Delegates and visitors from other clubs can be sure of a warm and hospitable welcome in attending this important convention.

## A Fairy Story Come True

THE rippling voice of beauty that has thrilled audiences in her native city of Wichita, Kansas, and musical centers of the old world, came forth on the American opera stage recently to enthrall a critical audience in the Chicago Civic Opera House.

It was the voice of Miss Kathleen Kersting, youthful protégé of the Rotary club of Wichita, making her début in American opera after a short but dazzling career. Less than nine years ago she was a 13-year-old prodigy singing at church socials and amateur nights in a Wichita theater. Today she ranks as one of the American singing "finds" of a generation.

As a child the voice of Kathleen, then untrained but of a nightingale sweetness, had won her local renown. Then Emma Calvé gave a concert in Wichita.



Kathleen Kersting, youthful protégé of the Rotary Club of Wichita, Kansas, makes her début with the Chicago Opera, singing the rôle of Marzellina in "Fidelio."

Choo Kia Peng, president of the Rotary Club of Kuala Lumpur, Malay States—"Rotary principles fit in exactly with our aims."



Kathleen sang for her. The opera star was amazed. She packed up little Kathleen and carried her away to Europe, there to work for three years in perfecting the voice nature had given her.

Three years later the two came back to Wichita and Kathleen sang again for the home folk. The rippling notes held her audience spellbound. But further finances were needed. Her parents had exhausted their resources in "backing" their daughter. Additional finishing touches of study abroad were necessary. It was then that a group of Rotarians of Wichita stepped into the gap. By private contributions they raised \$15,000 for her.

For four more years Kathleen studied in Italy, France, and Germany. When Calvé said, "I have taught you all I can," she was sent to one of the best teachers in Italy, the famous Dante Lari. And was coached by Votto, a director of the famed La Scala Opera Company. She worked hard, denying herself many pleasures for her music, as she had resolved never to disappoint the hopes of Mme. Calvé, her parents, or her new found Rotarian friends, and won honors abroad as a reward for her courage. She came home to amaze Wichita anew, and then was ready for her American début. It was a notable success, voted so by both critics

and audience, and a representative delegation of Wichita Rotarians made the trip to Chicago to be present at her triumph.

She sang the rôle of Marzellina in Beethoven's "Fidelio."

## Malayan Welcomes Rotary

OF ALL the countries visited by Special Commissioner James W. Davidson in the Far East, where he now is bringing new Rotary clubs into existence, he found no more hearty reception than in Malaya.

Particularly in Choo Kia Peng, president of the Kuala Lumpur Club, did he find a Rotarian who will mean a great deal to the success of the movement throughout Malaya and the Straits Settlements. The Kuala Lumpur president sees Rotary as a genuine contribution to the welfare of his country.

"Malaya," he says, "has a rich legacy that every community lend its ardent support to movements to help the general welfare. Until Rotary came, the only obstacle has been for the leaders to decide in what manner this result could best be achieved. Rotary principles fit in exactly with our aims, since it teaches service and cooperation. We are more than glad that Rotary has come to us."

While in Malaya, Commissioner Davidson was a guest at the home of President Choo Kia Peng, said to be one of the finest residences in Malaya.

A  
distinguished  
American  
business-paper  
editor  
answers  
the  
question—



Merle  
Thorpe

## Is Business Becoming Civilized?

*Business ethics and the twilight zones of right and wrong*

By MERLE THORPE

*Editor, Nation's Business*

**T**HE editor of THE ROTARIAN asks me, "Is business becoming more civilized?"

I don't resent the question coming from him because the implication is not sinister, but sympathetic. But if it came from the usual sources, I would probably answer that business was just as good or bad as the general run of human nature, and was improving or retrogressing along with the rest of humanity.

For the life of me I cannot understand why business and business men are singled out by politicians, and demagogues—parlor and press—as a different breed, with different morals and practices from the rest of us. Two brothers, born under the same star, same environment, training and education, one practices law or medicine—the other "goes into business." What is in that decision which changes the

conscience, the morality, the character of the two men? A great many lawyers become business executives—Owen Young, Alvin Macauley, Silas Strawn. Do they find a different world, a different attitude toward right and wrong in the field of business than they had in the field of law? Is there a double standard of ethics—one for business, and one for the professions?

Is there something about barter and trade which calls for a dulled conscience as to the proper relations between man and man? Is the selling of potatoes or electric light or an automobile different from selling one's service? Is trickery and skulduggery and cheating necessary to the one, while high ideals and a proper respect for the opinions of self and mankind only possible to the other?

A good deal of this public state of mind is due to an innocent sounding phrase "Business is Business." This

phrase has had a great vogue. It is the base of many humorous stories in which business is the villain. It is found in seven languages. In each language it carries an innuendo, an implication, that business has a different standard of ethics and morals and practices than other professions and callings. It has been used often as a justification for sharp practices. "Oh, Well! You know Business is Business." It goes further than "Caveat Emptor!"—Let the buyer beware. It warns, "Let both buyer and seller beware." Its first appearance in history as far as I have been able to learn was when Shylock spoke it, demanding his pound of flesh.

How much harm this simple phrase "Business is Business" has done to honest undertakings! It has caused suspicion between industries, the wholesaler feeling the retailer is a profiteer, the wholesaler and retailer laying it on



the railroads, the railroads accusing the coal industry, the coal industry pointing to the labor unions, and everybody blaming the banker. It has likewise brought ill-feeling between employer and employee.

In another direction it has been responsible for the restrictions and limitations placed on honest endeavor of business men everywhere by state and federal laws—brought about by the popular acceptance of the phrase.

This phrase typifies a popular criticism of business, and particularly big business. One of our best poets has said that "Business is Business"—

"A battle where 'everything goes,'  
Where the only gospel is 'get ahead,'  
And never spare friends or foes;  
'Slay or be slain,' is the slogan cold,  
You must struggle and slash and tear,  
For Business is Business, a fight for gold,  
Where all that you do is fair!"

The politician has been quick to seize upon this general sentiment and capitalize it. A few minutes ago I listened to a United States Senator on the radio. He is a dear friend of mine. We play together a great deal. He is a fair-minded, wholesome, honest man, generous always—in his private life—in his estimate of the faults of others. I would trust him with my last dime. I would leave my widow and children to his care and require no bond. I have even gone further than that. On one occasion, in a golf match, I let him call off his score from memory!

### Little vs. Big Business

**B**UT when he addresses the public! I set down on a sheet of paper here some of the phrases he used. "Dishonest business," "avaricious special interests," "plutocrats," "plunderers," "legitimate business," "honest business," "avaricious appetites of greedy special interests," "swollen profits of pampered and favored pets."

He knows better. He knows that the percentage of honesty among his colleagues is no higher than among business men. He knows that there are as many scalawags among little business men whom he plays up to, as among the big business men whom he attacks.

And this question of little business versus big business always interests me. When does a business become big? Is a turnover of \$50,000 a year little business or big business? Maybe it depends on the project, on the continuity of the program, or aspiration of the business man who conducts it. Whatever the figure which divides big business from little business, the line that marks the danger to society—should we attempt to find it and say to one and all that no effort should be made to increase one's business above that point? Most men are not satisfied with the size of their

present business or law practice, or medical practice. The lowly school teacher wishes to become principal or superintendent. The Prosecuting Attorney wishes to become Mayor; and the Mayor, Governor; and the Governor a United States Senator; and the Senator casts a longing look at the White House. We are putting forth greater efforts to attain greater things.

Is there a point where a small, honorable business becomes dishonorable on account of its bigness?

What seems to be the sentiment of a great many of our business-baiters. If they are correct, we fathers should tell our small boys, who are already dreaming big dreams of accomplishment, spurred on by everybody—teacher, grandma, uncles, and aunts—to "get ahead," to "be successful," that "thus far you can travel and no farther. If you go beyond, you will suffer the slings and arrows of outraged public sentiment. You and yours will be crucified

as undesirables; politicians will find your most worthy acts have a sinister motive."

Doesn't the same rule apply, that human nature is the same in big business as little business? I have no doubt that if we were to take the fourteen hundred thousand little businesses in the United States, and the fourteen hundred biggest businesses of the country, that we should find the same percentage holding as to ideals and sharp practices. If it is one per cent, there would be 140 thousand small businesses slightly off color and 14 of the big boys similarly shady in their transactions.

### Every Business Has Its Shysters

**A**ND the same would hold true in all walks of life. The legal profession has its shysters, always has had and always will; the doctors their quacks, yesterday, today, and tomorrow; the ministry its scapegraces.

Now we are ready to discuss the main



Illustration by Charles Dean

"This question of little business versus big business always interests me."

question, although we shall have to amend it to make it read, "Is the world growing better?" And I shall attempt to give some of the evidence that it is in the one field of business activity. I imagine that similar evidence could be presented for every other field of activity.

We have all made progress. Our conscience is much more sensitive. The twilight zones of what is right and what is wrong have been lightened up. Our various contacts through rapid communication, rapid transportation, reading, motion-pictures, radio, and through the physical mediums of service-club luncheons, business gatherings, have quickened amazingly our understanding of right and wrong in business.

Practices which doctors and lawyers and business men have carried on for hundreds of years, without realizing there could be an ethical question about them, have suddenly been questioned. Fee-splitting, ambulance-chasing, commercial bribery. I have a favorite illustration on the last point. If I wish to sell a bill of goods, should I give the prospect a cigar as we talk? Of course, you say. That is neighborly courtesy. Should I send him a box every Monday morning? Ah, you say, that is commercial bribery! But, I ask, where does neighborly courtesy leave off and commercial bribery begin—at the fifth cigar in the first box, or at the second box?

### *The Twilight Zone of Business*

**Y**OU see, for years we have lived in a twilight zone of business practices, and there was no contact by which these practices could be brought out for discussion. Hence, they were taken for granted. In the last ten years more than 200 organizations representing 200 lines of industry, have discussed these practices and have formulated codes of ethics, have set down for their own conduct what all have considered the proper and decent thing to do by oneself, one's competitors, and one's customers.

I have heard Perry Shorts, vice-

president of the Second National Bank of Saginaw, Michigan, tell of the change that has taken place in one industry, the insurance business. Twenty years ago the insurance agent who could "get the business" was in great demand and few questions were asked as to whether his methods were fair or foul. These were pioneer days in the business. They developed some formidable fighters. But about fifteen years ago,

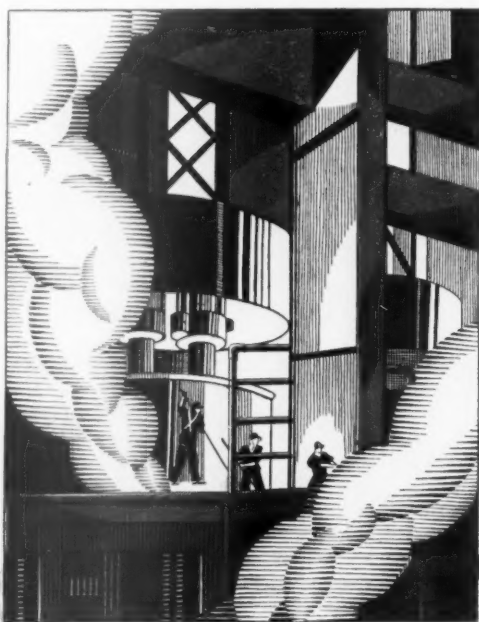
confusion was replaced by order and cut-throat competition by friendly coöperation. It all came about through the good sense and exemplary leadership of the strong men of the industry who embodied a code of ethics upon the principles of the Golden Rule, a code which every company subscribed to before becoming a member of the inter-company organization. This was one of the first

codes of ethics ever adopted by any organization of American business men to elevate and regulate the moral standards of their business transactions toward one another.

I have also heard Howard Heinz, president of the H. J. Heinz Company, discussing this subject. He tells of an incident that he once heard his father recall, and which was typical of those pioneering days. It was in the early eighties, when the elder Mr. Heinz reached his place of business one morning and growers of produce were making their deliveries of fruits and vegetables. The new scale-clerk remarked in a gleeful voice, "Mr. Heinz, I am getting good weights for you this morning."

When asked what he meant by that remark, the scale-clerk explained that he weighed so quickly and so deftly that he was able to record a few pounds underweight with each weighing, without detection by the grower. He thought it was good business to cheat and that his employer would be delighted with such an accomplished servant.

It is hardly necessary to say that the young man found himself instantly at the cashier's window for his final pay envelope.



"At just what point does a business become big?"

Perhaps no one has done more to crystallize this inner desire on the part of business men to chart a proper course than the late Judge Edwin B. Parker. He was responsible, as chairman of a U. S. Chamber of Commerce Committee, for bringing out a code of ethics to which more than 1,000 organizations have affixed their signatures and 50,000 individual business concerns. His method of approach was simple and direct. I remember he once said to me,

"There is no doubt but that business is forming habits of straight thinking and right acting, because they are economically sound habits, and most men would rather do the right thing than the wrong thing. These standards are reflected in the growth and development of the enlightened civilization which business to a very large extent has contributed toward producing. They are not new standards, but present-day business has brought them together, interpreted them, and codified them. Such codification is essential to securing approximate uniformity of thought and action amongst groups composed of numerous units of various shades of intelligence and differing backgrounds of training and environment."

### *The Cash-Drawer Motive*

**H**E dealt with the profit motive. Too often we hear that business has no ideals because it is out to make money. Making money, I am certain, after long years of observation, is not the primary objective of our most successful men and largest money-makers. If Henry Ford had started out to make a billion dollars, he quite likely would be running a stationary engine today. He started out with all the zeal of a crusader, to make a moderate-priced car. His eye was not on the clock, and seldom on the cash drawer, as his early history shows. The money came in because he had filled a need, had made something that people wanted.

This is not only true of business but again, as I have tried to state, it is true of human nature. The engineer, the doctor, the lawyer, who sets out to make a fortune, has a slimmer chance of attaining his goal than the one who employs his ability unremittingly and efficiently to do something for people that they need and want done for them.

It is not fair to say that business is something a little lower than the professions. You have heard the familiar phrases: "money grubbers," "tradesmen," "shop-keepers," "money-changers." There is the professional spirit in business. Business, too, ministers to mankind. Money profit there is, as there has always been, because profit is the yard-stick by which success in business can be measured. The saving of a soul, the saving of a life, obtaining justice

(Continued on page 53)

# The Oregon Boot on the Service Club

By STEPHEN BOLLES

IT was at a meeting of the directors of a decade-old service club. The routine business was ended. It is always ended that way—quickly. Most of the things talked about had nothing to do with the business in hand. In that it was like most directors' meetings. There were several things outside of routine to do. A name of a member to do one of these tasks was suggested. "Don't pick him," said one director. "He never does anything he is given to do. He has lost all interest."

And the battle was on. It led to a two-hour discussion of the question fired suddenly by the president.

"I wonder if the service club as an institution has outlived its day. If not, why; and if so, why?"

"Hic jacet," said the humorist, although no one knew exactly what he meant.

The chain gang was working last summer on a southern road. It was a beautiful road, a mountain road, and the tourist thought nothing more entrancing could be spread out than this serpentine ribbon of gray concrete, with its little black border sharply contrasted with the red clay of the roadside and the green of the foliage at the outer margin. It curved and fell away and finally appeared far below, turning and twisting with the blue of the rambling mountain stream, which every little while crashed into white foam where hurdles of rocks had to be leaped.

The chain gang was picking up camp. Its work was ended here. It was to move to new, unbuilt highways. These were black men. Most of them were unfettered and moved about in happy freedom; others were bearing chains like those once used on a kicking horse. And one walked with dragging foot, paralyzed and leaden. He wore an Oregon boot, that

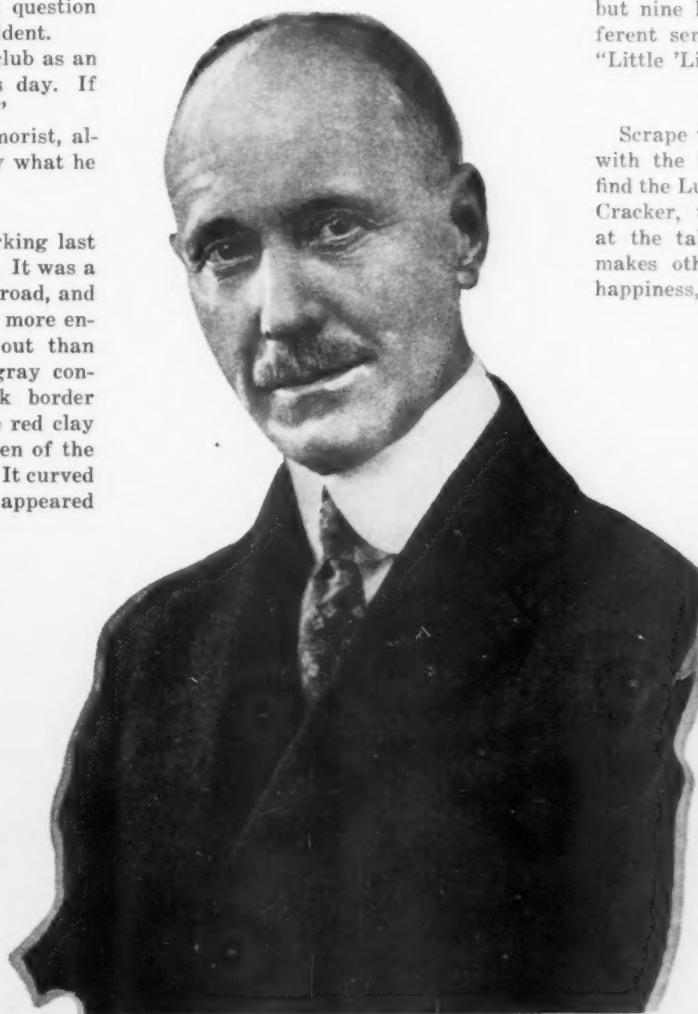
heavy iron puttee, which opens and closes and locks about the lower leg, weighing so much that no man could run with it—an instrument archaic and taboo generally. It has the same effect on a convict as the shot poured into the Calaveras county jumping frog did in the famous race story related by Mark Twain. The convict stays put—right there where he was left, held by his Oregon boot.

Rip Van Winkle sat in a service club in 1920 and went to sleep just as the

THE anniversary of Rotary is also the anniversary of the service club movement. Apropos to the occasion, we asked a prominent member of Kiwanis to point out some of the defects of the service clubs. An anniversary should be an occasion for stock-taking. Everyone will not agree with the writer's conclusions; many will disagree strongly, but no one will dispute the generally constructive value of his message.

program was finished. He woke up ten years later at his old place and plate. He did not know that time had passed; the program was just the same routine, the food about the same, and the only disconcerting fact was that some people he did not know were present. True he did hear something about a twenty-fifth anniversary observance, but he was uncertain that he had heard aright. Everything in the world had progressed but the forms and ceremonies of the service clubs and the secret societies; even the churches had come to be different. There were new hymn books in church but nine hundred and ninety-nine different service clubs were still singing "Little 'Liza Jane."

Scrape the bones of the service clubs with the investigating xyster, and we find the Lure of the Luncheon. The Wise Cracker, the Bon Mot Boy, who sits at the table of the Hard Boiled and makes others pay the expense of his happiness, will reply to the criticism of non-progress by saying he comes there to eat, and eating has been going on ever since Eve started picking the Eden apple crop. Therefore we arrive at the conclusion that a part of the membership of service clubs finds the happy hunting-grounds each week in fishing for food. You will find his leg has an Oregon boot securely screwed on. Here is the largest obstacle to the mobility of the service club in its effort to be worth something to a community. These members feel that the game is a triple play of cook to waiter to eater. But have these gentlemen any place in Rotary, Kiwanis, the Lions, or whatever? Long before there was a service club there were luncheon clubs, unorganized but nevertheless, clubs. The



STEPHEN BOLLES



same gang met every day, a table was reserved at club, hotel, or restaurant. There are many like them still in existence. They have their habitat in intense business centers of metropolitan cities. There is repartee, earnest discussion of scores of topics, generally tip-o-the-tongue kind. If eating is the service-club incentive, why pay dues at all, unless there is a general idea that a membership removes one somewhat from the common herd and gives one the vain, peacock notion that he "belongs."

\* \* \* \*

In the course of an examination of many service clubs and talking with several hundred members, in widely separated localities, I find that the clubs are made up of about 50 per cent drones, half of whom are eaters only, and the other half of the 50 per cent just drones wearing the Oregon boot, who want to get all they can without contributing a nickel's worth of time or work to the service-club's effort to be something more than a luncheon club. They are not in the cast: only fill in at the mob scene. If a club has no other objective than to gather once a week in brotherly communion and take lunch, it has outlived its usefulness, passed into the archives and deserves to lose its charter and receive the epitaph, "Hic Jacet." Over its tomb might be inscribed "This Grave Dug with the Teeth."

Let us place the Oregon boot wearers, which we have now separated from others, and isolate them for the purpose of getting down to brass tacks in answer to the question of whether the day of the service club is done, whether its sun is setting behind dark and dour clouds of inertia, whether this negative passiveness of matter is serious, or if the pulse is still beating and there is hope for the patient.

All service clubs may be grouped into three divisions: those in metropolitan centers, those in cities of from 25,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, and the clubs in the smaller cities and communities clear down to the villages. Yes, the villages have their service clubs and some are surprisingly active. I know a live service club in a village of 750. It is the clearing-house for all public opinion and public action. It has come to be a quasi public body. It could no more follow the set rules of clubs as breathed from International headquarters than one could apply rules for safety in the loop, to a cross-road hamlet where cows would constitute the greatest traffic hazard. It is palpable, therefore, that rules for the service club in Chicago and its immediate suburban environments cannot be applied to the cross-roads. It seems to me this difference, in habits of lunching for example, has not been fully

recognized.

In the third group the folks have been going home to dinner for years. The luncheon is waiting. If there is no one to relieve the business man at the store or office the boss locks up and goes home regardless. The outlook there is far different, where one may see the end of Main street dissolve into the farm fields, than when one looks into the muck and grime and smoke of the city canyons on a wet, drab day, or thread the maze of Boston streets, or takes a taxicab to get to luncheon in Minneapolis or

Newark, New Jersey. That being recognized, I am in favor of the wildest liberty of action in local clubs and less and less restriction from the big central headquarters. I think if we are to preserve the club we shall have to get away from the idea that it is an antique, and has traditions which must and shall be preserved.

\* \* \* \*

Here now, I shall have to walk as

gingerly as a girl in pink slippers crossing a stream on stepping-stones. I have tried to get wildly enthused over headquarters literature. I have seen much of it from all the service clubs. Every bit of it is good—too good. It is too good indeed to be true. Much of it is as impractical as it would be to wear sandal shoon in Chicago in January. Most of these missionary tracts are platitudinously ponderous. They breathe great thoughts. They give one the idea that he is not like others, and probably never will be. There is too little bright stuff. John Q. Hardup, who is worried over unloading a super-stock of neckties just cannot appreciate this oratorical of phrases. I am for more Helpful Hints to Harassed Program Committees than anything else from the central body. I am for liberty of action and discontent, the contact with the parent body of service, unlike woman's love, which is her whole existence, nor yet that of man, a thing apart, but as a central radio broadcasting station where a club may tune in at any time and get help if needed.

### *The Fear of Live Questions*

WHEN I say "liberty" I mean that a club should have a program with a purpose for the horizon in which it is located. You cannot make an agenda of objectives for Chicago fit the case of Janesville. I am also opposed to collective selling to clubs. We all have the same troubles over this misuse of club time. Earnest gentlemen and attractive women who brook no nay, nay, want to sell merchandise, plans, systems, schemes, services, subscriptions. They butt in when least wanted. Dead programs are Oregon boots of the nicest, shiniest kind. We have too many clubs that are afraid of topics. Why avoid those that are controversial? I have spoken to a dozen clubs on city manager form of government. In each case the chairman of the program committee or the member who introduced me, was careful to explain that the fact that I was speaking to the club on that topic must not be construed in any way as meaning that he, the introducer, or the club was committed to the idea of manager form. No sir; his hands were washed clean. But he was actually for the plan in most instances. I call that cowardice, plain and unvarnished. No man ever won, certainly no club ever won, by being cowardly. A club need not go into politics or favor certain candidates but it can take a position of leadership. And a club can die more rapidly of pernicious anaemia and spinal atrophy than from over-exercise.

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And here is the way to cast off the Oregon boot: If a club is anything it is a leader. Service clubs were originally conceived as a plan for coalescing lead-

(Continued on page 58)

# Trailing Along Through Asia

*Constantinople—historic gateway to two continents*

By LILLIAN DOW DAVIDSON



Honorary Commissioner James W. Davidson, Mrs. Davidson, and their daughter, Marjorie.

ONCE years and years ago, I had the privilege of witnessing a superb performance of Maeterlinck's *The Bluebird* in my native city, San Francisco, and one scene made an indelible impression on my mind for sheer beauty and the delicious unfolding of the story. The curtain went up disclosing a heavenly blue stage with a host of bowed little figures covered with gauzy veils of the same wondrous blue. It was the "Kingdom of the Future" and off in the distance could be heard the earthly mothers calling for their unborn children. Slowly, big golden gates opened upon a blue sea, and a stately barge approached with Old Father Time at the helm, swathed in his long, silky, white locks. Gently he called, and one little figure after another came forward to start on its earthly journey, and as each little one stepped into the boat, Father Time handed him a gift—his very own "talent" which he was to carry to earth with him and use for the benefit of mankind.

In my heart, I believe that Father Time must have slipped into the hands of my big husband, the Rotary Button and a whole armful of Rotary literature, for how otherwise can I account for his ardent interest in the thing? He so firmly believes in Rotary and its many possibilities for good, and notably in its power for developing friendship among peoples of different races, in which field Rotary is unique, that by the sheer weight of his own belief, he successfully works upon others, compelling them to believe likewise. His early years, spent in different countries and associating intimately with the native peoples, has made him singularly internationally minded. When I first met Jim in the Orient, many years ago, he was in charge of the American Consulate-Gen-

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ON AUGUST 23rd, 1928, the "Duchess of Athol" sailed from Montreal with Honorary Commissioner James W. Davidson aboard, together with his wife and daughter. Thus began a voyage that was to mean much to Rotary, for Rotary clubs began to appear, like magic, in those places in the Near East visited by the Honorary Commissioner. Mrs. Davidson has agreed to write the story of their trail through Asia. She is a traveler who misses very little and in the first article this month and the ones to follow she is combining the story of Rotary with intimate sketches of the various countries, their people, and recent amazing changes that have taken place.—The Editor.  
■ ■ ■

eral in Shanghai. Often I have felt a pang of regret at inducing him to give up the foreign service and the life he loved so well and enter into a humdrum business existence. So, now I am happy to see him back in a work somewhat akin to it to which he is so well-adapted and finds so congenial. It is,

however, a man-size job, this task of "selling" Rotary to a country that does not want to buy, that "Never heard of Rotary" and questions, "What is this Rotary thing anyway?" Like Huck Finn, Jim regards it "as tough but interesting." With a never-ending patience that, I admit, excites my profound admiration he starts in, day after day, to tell Rotary's wonder-

ful story. Physically, there are more than a few discomforts but even after a year's battering about, as far as enthusiasm is concerned, I can truthfully say it is as keen to-day as the day we started and I believe will so continue for the year that is yet before us.

Rotary has put into our hands the big book of the world with instructions to peruse it carefully and on certain pages to imprint the Rotary Wheel—emblem of world friendship—and so, under the aegis of Rotary International, armed with the aforesaid magical introductions, supplied with letters of credit, vaccinated for smallpox and inoculated against typhoid, we started on our voyage of conquest.

Constantinople, now officially known as Istanbul, was our first objective and first real touch of the East. We had come by train, a journey so easy and comfortable, that one wonders why more American and British travelers, who return again and again to the Continent, do not make it, for they would see so much that would be distinctly novel and interesting. From Constantinople they can proceed by rail on to Jerusalem or Cairo.

In the evening, at Paris, we stepped into the comfortable Simplon-Orient Express with its modern sleeping and restaurant cars, and made the run of 1911 miles without change of cars in three nights and two days. Another through train, by a different route,



The Galata Bridge looking towards Pera. In one hour during the busy part of the day, this moving procession of humanity will contain representatives of nearly every nationality under the sun.

starts from Ostend and covers the 1966 miles also in three nights and two days.

Turkey's recent history has been a humiliating one, one that Turks cannot regard with calmness. Until 1912, her possessions extended into Europe across from the Adriatic to the Black Sea and encompassing Bulgaria, former Serbia and Montenegro on the north. The loss of these territories came in 1912-13 with the Balkan wars when Turkey was deprived of nearly all of her European territory. As the result of the Great War, her losses included Mesopotamia (Iraq), Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and a small part of the Caucasus. Her present area is 494,000 square miles or about the size of France, Italy, and Spain combined or twice the size of Texas. Naturally, the loss in population to which must be added the Greek and Armenian exodus was huge, so that we find the Turkey of 1928 possessing less than 14,000,000 people. With these losses, Constantinople also shrunk from a city, said at one time, to have over a million people, to 699,609 in 1928. These tribulations may in the long run bring them great strength. They have now a united and compact country with an all-Turkish population which will doubtless mean everlasting peace, a novelty that will mean much to them.

### *Entrancing Constantinople*

NEVER have I seen anything more entrancingly beautiful than the skyline of Constantinople as we approached, "chug chugging" down the Bosphorus from the "Sweet Waters of

Asia" in a friend's motor-boat just about dusk one Sunday evening. The dying rays of a lovely, rosy sunset had given place to a deep purplish blue, which like a color wash, covered both city and sky. In my gallery of memory-pictures this, my first great Near Eastern city, will ever reveal itself as I saw it then—a symphony in blue, with innumerable ethereal minarets soaring skyward above the rounding massive domes of mosques; and fairy-tale like white palaces lining the shore; an indelible "memory gift" as the Japanese say. I wondered if the world held any view more charming.

The geographical location of Constantinople, "Gateway to two Continents" and "Meeting-Place of Two Civilizations," is well-nigh unique. Three waterways, their waters lapping its shores gently or otherwise, according to the whims of those mighty kings, Neptune and Aeolus, provide a most enchanting background for this centuries-old port spreading over its seven hills. On one side, the Sea of Marmora (by the way, the accent comes on the first syllable) separates it from the continent of Asia, represented by Skutari, just across the way, while on the inner side, the city and its suburbs curve like the Turkish crescent with the shores of the

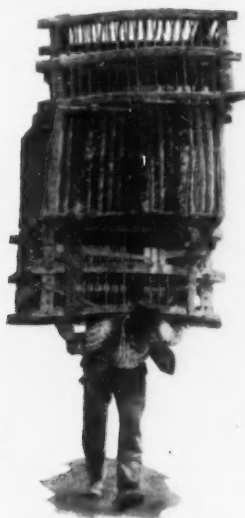


Bosphorus into which the stream known as the "Golden Horn" empties. How suggestive of romance Oriental nomenclature is! This river I might say in passing, does not live up to its picture-evoking name but "malesh," what does it matter?

### *Carnival Streets*

THIS historic stream, its shore-line always jammed with native boats, "caïques" (swallows), ever nuzzling each other, divides Constantinople into two parts; the one, the very old Turkish city of Stamboul built upon the site of that ancient city that Constantine founded and the other, the much newer portion, Galata, populated by the Greeks, Armenians, and other non-Turks, clinging to the base of the hill capped by Pera





The Hamel is at your service — day or night.

with its Grand Rue de Pera, the European portion of town where the hotels and the embassies are.

The Grand Rue de Pera, the Broadway of Constantinople, deserves a whole book by itself. This curious old street starts really as Step Street beginning near the Galata side of the bridge, and climbs the steep hill in long broad steps ("a million of 'em," I counted them as I laboriously plodded up step by step) flanked by little native shops on either side.

What striking street pictures to delight the soul of an artist! One is jostled this way and that by itinerant vendors

of all sorts reminding one strongly of a carnival midway at home. There is the sweetmeat seller with his *helva* in big round white or brown streaked moulds like grocery store cheese, with his stand and show-case carried on top of his head; the baker with his glass-enclosed case full of buns like Brobdignagian wedding-rings, peppered with sesame seeds—according to my fancy, nothing is much nicer than these with *helva* spread upon them; traveling butchers with screen-covered meat safes strapped to their backs, sometimes carrying great liver-like masses hanging down from hooks or the great lobed fat tail of the Anatolian sheep much prized in Turkish cookery and which, in life, is sometimes so heavy that a small cart in which to rest it, trails along behind the sheep.

### A Worm's Eye View

THEN the hardware hawker with head basket overflowing with hanging tin utensils, making him look for all the world like Santa Claus on Christmas morning; dealers in cheap European goods, some with a very small assortment of safety pins, others with pocket combs, etc.; the nut seller roasting chestnuts before his tiny charcoal fire; and the fruit vendor sitting on the curb with his flat tray filled with fruit or with a deep basket full of luscious grapes. Hamels with their ponderous packs likewise come up these tiring steps. A dis-

tinctive feature of Step Street is the shoemaker in his wee open-front cubby-hole, half sunk below the sidewalk. He gets almost a worm's-eye view of the passing pedestrians.

At the top of the hill, the street makes a turn and it there becomes the aristocratic Grand Rue de Pera with big European shops, hotels, cabarets and restaurants. The Tokatlian Hotel fronts on this street. One sees many typically Turkish eating places. In one corner of the big glass window is invariably a little corner grill with three triangular shelves upon which rest glowing charcoal embers, and on our very first day while passing by one of these places about noon-time, we stood before the window and stared open-mouthed at the big carrot-shaped something turning round and round on a spit before the fire. The jolly-faced, cleanly capped and coated little chef smiled a welcome through the glass, and being adventurers in foods, we said, "Let's do it," and in we went. As they understood no English we had to point to the foods we wanted. Cafeteria style, there were various pans full of vegetables, all however, swimming in fat, for the Turk considers fat as a very necessary lubricant for the human body.

Of course, the first thing we wished to taste was the peculiar affair in the window which we learned later is called *deuner kebab* (turned mutton). It is the typical, and I might almost say, the

(Continued on page 54)

School children in the new modern dress of Turkey stop near the Great Mosque of Saint Sophia and enjoy the unusual treat of their first snowfall.



Photo:  
Publishers  
Photo  
Service

# The Myth of Western Supremacy

*Reaction of Asiatic races to the impact of the West*

By CARLO BOS

*President, Rotary Club of Shanghai*

**E**XAGGERATED nationalism and race prejudice and the kind of foolishness which we call class distinction, appeal to one of the meanest and most contemptible traits in the human mind: "I thank thee, O Lord, that I am not as other men are." In this connection I quote the following from an English writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*: "Many a man who knows that in his own self he has no special superiority over his fellows, takes refuge in the thought that he belongs to a superior race. Thus, for instance, the most incompetent Anglo-Saxon often looks down upon the most competent Italian because the Italian belongs to the Dago race, or upon the greatest of Chinese scholars, because the wise man's skin is yellow and his eyes aslant."

These prejudices are all transitory moods, subject to external suggestions and could be cancelled from the human mind within a generation or two by a properly understood education. It is proverbial that cats and dogs cannot agree, yet, I have seen cats and dogs educated to live in perfect peace, to eat, sleep, and play together, and why should mankind not be amenable to the same education? It stands to reason that no nation or race can hate another nation or race by natural processes and without knowing each other. Whenever unprejudiced persons meet persons of other races or nations, they invariably form ties of sympathy and friendship. Marc T. Greene, a British newspaper correspondent, has the following to say on the Hawaiian "Melting Pot of Nations":

## *The Great Experiment*

"NEVER in history has there been such a 'melting pot' as here. In one school I found no less than twenty-seven distinct nationalities and blends of nationalities! To amalgamate such a mixture as this into a future American, the most amazing racial experiment ever attempted, requires

## II. This Modern World: Racial discrimination and nationalistic ob- sessions.



In reading these books one is forcibly reminded of the lament of Confucius: "Standing on an elevation, one looks over the whole world. . ."

first of all, an utter absence of racial and nationalistic antagonism. That is vital. Achieving that, the highest ideal of internationalism is almost within the grasp. That is why there is so much of vital significance, not only to America but to the whole future of mankind, in the life of these islands; for even if any other part of the world contains such a mixture, nowhere else is there going on so systematic and earnest and efficient

an endeavor to blend it, socially, and intellectually, and economically, into something useful and enduring."

Our own Rotary International and the many cosmopolitan associations in Shanghai are cases in point, but I will quote an extreme example: Soldiers in the trenches from Flanders to the Adriatic had to be kept by force from fraternizing with the enemy during the Great War; and after the Armistice, while occupying German and Austrian territories, American, British, Italian, and even French soldiers fell in love with German and Austrian girls and married them. Hundreds of examples could be quoted showing that, though the war was an inhuman thing our soldiers, on both sides of the lines, did not lose their humanity. In the hearts of those unwilling enemies was the common thought of house and kin and each knew that the other had that same thought, and the latent urge for the universal brotherhood of man.

## *The Will to Peace*

**I**T IS a significant fact, worthy to be mentioned here, that excombatants of the Great War, those who have suffered untold hardship and misery in the trenches, are precisely those who feel that a re-adjustment of our ideas is necessary. The Inter-allied Federation of fighting men—known as the F. I. D. A. C.—whose delegates from every allied country assembled in congress in London in 1924, solemnly declared that the primary objects of their institution was "to protect the

The Seed  
is in the  
ground.

Illustrations  
by  
Wilfred Jones



victims of the war and to prevent the possibility of future armed conflicts." Here is an organization counting already 10 million men in 1924, scattered all over Europe and America, who know better than any one else, not only the horrors of war, but also its distressing futility. They are under no illusion about its glory and its profitableness and their organization is concentrating its energies on the promotion of a will to peace and on the formation among them of an international mind. One committee was formed at the congress to consider inter-allied propaganda for creating international goodwill. Another to consider the organization of an international body of women who were bereaved in the war. The congress discussed among other problems the means by which public opinion may be rallied to the cause of internationalism and the means by which the ex-enemy organizations could usefully be asked to join the federation.

In the same congress, General Sir Ian Hamilton stated that Signor Mussolini had urged that the usefulness of the Federation of ex-warriors will depend upon the inclusion of all those who met our men as enemies in the fields of battle. I may quote also Marshall Foch who declared in an interview that "making war is an abominable profession; it is a frightful thing to shed blood and destroy wealth: everything should be done to prevent the return of such calamities."

In my first article I discussed political reasons which provoke wars. But there is also the racial cause which looms on the horizon as perhaps the most serious provocative of future conflicts. There is no more important topic than this which

I wish now to discuss with you. Kipling said that "East is East and West is West, but never the twain shall meet." He was evidently wrong, for one need not be a prophet to foresee that East and West will some day measure themselves in a gigantic struggle for supremacy, unless mankind comes to its senses and revises its world outlook entirely. Some people do not agree with what Bertrand Russell as a sociologist has to say, but it would be foolish to condemn all the ideas of this profound modern thinker. He says in "Foreign Affairs" quoted by the North China Daily News:

### *The Inevitable Changes Ahead*

**T**HE struggle for power between Europe and Asia, which was a theme of Herodotus, has been the most important issue in world politics ever since his time and is so still. Owing to inadequate knowledge of history, most Europeans regard the supremacy of Europe as a law of nature, but in fact there has always been a slow oscillation which is now beginning to swing in favour of Asia." He then shows how Asia was first on top, and how Europe swayed the world from the time of Alexander to the fall of Rome. Then came a thousand years of Asia again under a long list of barbaric conquerors, till the pendulum swung afresh and Europeans got the upper hand. Now the motion is again being reversed and Bertrand Russell, in company with other authorities, predicts that within fifty years Asia will be the top dog.

This does not seem an exaggerated statement when we consider that even a careful writer like Prof. Pearson in his work entitled "National Life and Characteristics" takes the risk of making the

following prognostics of the future of coloured races:

"The day will come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the European observer will look around to see the globe girdled with a continuous zone of the black and yellow races, no longer weak for aggression or under tutelage, but independent, or practically so, in government, monopolizing the trade of their own regions and circumscribing the industry of the European; when Chinamen and the nations of Hindostan, the states of Central and South America, by that time predominantly Indian, and it may be African nations of the Congo and the Zambesi, under a dominant caste of foreign rulers, are represented by fleets in the European seas, invited to international conferences, and welcomed as allies in the quarrels of the civilized world. The citizens of these countries will then be taken up into the social relations of the white races, will throng the English turf, or the salons of Paris and will be admitted to intermarriage. It is idle to say that if all this should come to pass our pride of place will not be humiliated. We were struggling among ourselves for supremacy in a world which we thought of as destined to belong to the Aryan races and to the Christian faith; to the letters and arts and charm of social manners which we have inherited from the best times of the past. We shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled and perhaps even thrust aside by peoples whom we looked down upon as servile, and thought of as bound always to minister to our needs. The solitary consolation will be that the changes have been inevitable. It has been our work to organize and create, to carry law and order over the



world, that others may enter in and enjoy. Yet in some of us the feeling of caste is so strong that we are not sorry to think we shall have passed away before that day arrives."

In an exceedingly interesting book by Albert Demangeon, Prof. of Geography at the Sorbonne (*L'Empire Britannique*), which is a masterly study of colonial geography, we read of the mental evolution of the various native races of Asia and Africa which, impatient of European domination, now clamour for a revision of their relations towards their masters.

*"Partout on voit bouilloner des foyers de fermentation, entretenue soit par des haines de race, soit par des passion religieuses, soit meme par des clans de conscience nationale."*

The list of books which the reader will find with this paper [see page 61] comprises several volumes which deal with these absorbing questions of changed attitude of native races towards European domination. I refer you especially to Al. Carhill's "The Lost Dominion." This English author goes so far as to declare that British dominion in India is practically at an end. In reading these books one is forcibly reminded of the following lament of Confucius: "Standing on an elevation like this"—he said with emotion—"one looks over, as it were, the whole world; and, alas! alas! I cannot help being struck with the sad fact that, of the myriads who live on it, there is scarcely one nation to be found which is not devising some means by which it may best injure, or even destroy, its neighbour. But there is something even sadder. It is to be so helpless and incapable that we can neither find remedies for existing evils, nor some way of warding off those which are to come."

Yet the clash of colour, which is setting races in antagonism one to another from the Orient to America, is a problem which is not without solution. The more firmly we Euro-

peans believe in the superiority of our own civilization, the more are we bound by the Christian principles of human dignity and brotherhood, which are its foundation, to do all in our power to temper the bitterness of racial discord. If we allow it to spread and deepen, it may threaten the whole human race, for an armed conflict between Whites, Asiatics, and African races means a conflagration compared with which the Great War would seem a child's play.

### *The Impact of the Occident*

WE SHOULD certainly not overlook the fact that while the United States has the colour problem in its very midst, as the emancipation of the negroes, and at the door in the shape of Asiatic immigration, we Europeans are confronted with it along the great borderlands of the Occident and Orient, extending through northern Africa and across western and central Asia, from the north-western Atlantic to the shores of the Indian Ocean and beyond to the Far East in China and Japan. All along that far-flung line its peoples have been roused from a long lethargic sleep by the impact of the Occident itself. They have begun to question Western su-

premacy, intellectual and spiritual, as well as economic and material. They are rallying the dormant forces of ancient and deep-seated civilizations—some more ancient than our own—and still vital and they are borrowing our weapons and invoking our vaunted fundamental principles of Equality, Fraternity, and Liberty. There is one feature common to the re-awakening of all these different races: they all are united in a common resentment against the white man's domination and of the indefensible rights based on the supposed superiority of a race which owes to nature a generally lighter complexion than their own. Never before have these native races denied the white man's claim to superiority as strongly as they do to-day.

It is impossible to read American literature without being struck by the exaggerated importance which is attached to the colour of the human skin and the same prejudice exists also among Britons. Let us see, therefore, on what grounds, if any, it may be justified. Lord Bryce says that till the French Revolution, there was very little race prejudice in any country. That it is not a natural human feeling is shown

by the fact that children are quite free from it, until foolish mothers teach them that their black, Indian, or Chinese nurse is of an inferior race.

Prof. Sir Sydney Olivier tells us that in Jamaica negroes and half-castes associate with the white residents on the same terms as pure Europeans, and Sir Frederick Lugard says that in West Africa the colour line does not exist: blacks and whites fight and play side by side and intermarriages are frequent. The native is treated as a Frenchman and feels himself one. "We have too great a consciousness of human dignity"—said Monsieur Poincaré—"to set up such an artificial and unjust race distinction."

"In New Zealand the Maoris have been allowed to recover their self-  
(Cont'd on p. 61)



First comes the idea, then the full comprehension of the idea by the masses, and the realization will follow.

# What Sixteen Past Presidents Say

—at the turn of a quarter century of Rotary history

## Understanding—Goodwill

UNDERSTANDING is the greatest need today. Among the obstacles to understanding are selfishness, insincerity, concealment of motives, dishonesty of purpose, and ambition. It is impossible for men always to agree, but it is not impossible for them to understand each other. Where there is full and complete understanding—goodwill follows.—DONALD A. ADAMS (1925-26).

## "Threatening Weaknesses"

SUCH organizations as Rotary often move through these stages—pioneering, development, complacency, timidity, dry rot. Rotary is emerging out of the second. Threatening weaknesses are the passing of personal contacts from club meetings and the decline of our magazine as an influence. Rotary's potentialities, as in the cause of world peace, challenge us to keep it secure against complacency, timidity.—ALLEN D. ALBERT (1915-16).

## A Prophecy Fulfilled

ROTARY is destined to girdle the world in banded brotherhood. It is ours to remove the dollar mark from the world's eyes and hold up to its new vision the glorified emblem of Rotary.—Closing paragraph of my address as president at Houston, Texas, 1914. Three countries and 123 clubs were represented.—RUSSELL F. GREINER (1913-14).

## Rotary's Raison d'Être

ANNIVERSARIES are days along a life's way when we should pause for a time and look back over the road we have travelled. The St. Louis Convention adopts a resolution directing that the program in 1923-24 stress what was then called business methods now vocational service. The longer I continue a Rotarian the more firmly I am convinced that vocational Service and the promotion of a world fellowship of business and professional men are Rotary's sole *raison d'être*.—GUY GUNDAKER (1923-24).

## Rotary for the Individual

ROTARY is primarily for the individual and the individual is for the betterment of all men. The Rotarian's strength is in his individual responsibility for his business or profession, his city, his country, his civilization.

We are accused of idolizing success, but Rotary International will not be a success until it makes a breach in the false theory of the irresponsibility of the individual.—RAYMOND M. HAVENS (1922-23).

## Language of Friendship

ROTARY goes ever forward. The Zurich Branch Secretariat has demonstrated its worth. It has aided greatly in Rotary's development in Europe. Other branch secretariats will be needed ever long in other sections of the world. Rotary has proved that the language of friendship is readily understood regardless of the Babelism of tongues.—EVERETT W. HILL (1924-25).



## "No Greater Duty . . ."

ROTARY International celebrates in 1930 its twenty-fifth anniversary. A careful and true appraisal of its past achievements has earned for us the commendation and respect of all people and all nations.

No greater duty befalls us now than to make our structure a permanent and enduring one. For this purpose we have established the Rotary Foundation. Let us not fail in this duty, which we owe not only to ourselves but to all humanity.—ARCH C. KLUMPH (1916-17).

## Rotary Becomes International

ROTARY'S first year as an international organization developed problems and contacts both new and interesting. It was also the year of final separation from commercialism and terminated brilliantly in the "Convention of Inspiration" at Buffalo where delegates from Great Britain and Ireland appeared for the first time.—GLENN C. MEAD (1912-13).

## A World Force

FROM the beginning Rotary has believed that what it has to offer is good for men everywhere. With unselfish enterprise and unabated enthusiasm it has consistently carried its belief into action. Today it is a world institution with all of the opportunities and obligations which this commanding position connotes.—CRAWFORD C. McCULLOUGH (1921-22).

## "Out of the Muck"

THE growth of Rotary has been phenomenal. Its growth has always exceeded the fondest hopes of its most devoted members. How shall we account for this almost unbelievable progress? Rotary appeals to the unselfish instincts in man. It lifts him out of the muck of materialism and helps him to rise above self. Rotary satisfies a human need to serve others more than self.—FRANK L. MULHOLLAND (1914-15).

## The Truth of Human Unity

IN THE founding of Rotary the truth of human unity was given new and unique embodiment. Since then it has been pressing itself out into an ever-widening context of human relationships in its effort to evolve its content in the parliament of man, the federation of the world.—E. LESLIE PIDGEON (1917-18).

## A Possible . . . Masterpiece

THERE is in the career of every Rotarian a possible magnificent masterpiece for we are all reservoirs of power and our careers are not only exhibits to the world, contributions to civilization, but also our exhibits to Him who gave us our talents. As Rotarians it is our final report of our conception of *service above self*.—JOHN POOLE (1918-19).

## A Charm and a Challenge

THE years 1926-27 netted Rotary seven countries, two hundred thirty-one clubs, and nine thousand members, showing emphasis upon extension at home and abroad. Additional active membership and attendance were especially stressed, weak clubs strengthened, endowment fund encouraged, and a plea made for higher personal standards. Rotary still possesses a charm and a challenge.—HARRY H. ROGERS (1926-27).

## Foundation Firmly Laid

FOLLOWING the memorable Ostend Convention the administration of 1927-1928 was a record one in extension throughout the world. Three hundred and five new clubs were established, the first charter in Germany at Hamburg was delivered, and rapid strides in extension were made throughout Europe. The new Aims and Objects program was put into effect and the Sixth Object was effectually stressed. Rotary's first twenty-five years has seen the foundation firmly laid and the superstructure undeniably strong. Let us make the Silver Anniversary worthy of Rotary's glorious achievements.—ARTHUR H. SAPP (1927-28).

## Great Impetus to Extension

THE Edinburgh Convention in 1921, over which I had the honor of presiding, was the first convention of Rotary International held outside the United States of America. This convention gave great impetus to the extension of Rotary throughout Great Britain and Ireland. It was also during the year 1920-21 that the first clubs were organized in Spain, Japan, Mexico, France, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.—ESTES SNEDECOR (1920-21).

## One Great Family

MANY thousands of personal contacts on five continents have revealed to me the solid foundation for Rotary's dream of world fellowship—the growing demand among the vital forces of our present-day civilization for peace and harmony. Through vision and common-sense we can all move happily along the many highways of human progress as one great family. Many peace movements surely confirm the spirit of the day and the unquestioned ascendancy of increasing understanding and world fellowship.—I. B. SUTTON (1928-29).

# Some Parents I Have Known

—who were compelled to face an accounting of their stewardship

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

Dean of Men, University of Illinois

ANYONE who has had the personal contact with as many young people of college age as I have had during the last forty years must of necessity have met a good many parents and from this meeting have formed some pretty definite conclusions. My experience has been largely with young men, and my illustrations will best be chosen, therefore, from the parents of the young fellows whom it has been my privilege to do business with during the routine of a very busy life.

There is much being said these days concerning the problems of youth, and, there is no doubt in my mind that the youth of today has his problems and many are very serious problems, but, as I see it, the problems of the young men with whom I have had to do have, in a large majority of cases, had their inception at home with the parents of these young fellows. It is the influence and the example and the discipline or the lack of discipline which the young man—and the young woman, too, I have no doubt—receives at home which determines pretty largely what he is and does. Heredity or environment—explain it by whatever theory you accept as determining human behavior or accomplishment—children are very much like their parents.

The training which the boy receives at home, the example which is set him, the relations between him and his parents, and even the relations between the parents themselves—such things as these are the determining influences in moulding his character. I have seldom known a boy to do well in college whose parents were having personal difficulties, or were not living together.

Mrs. Jamison, whom I have known for a good many years, is much concerned about the progress of her only son who

is a sophomore in college. She is a charming woman with a magnetic personality and social finesse that has made her a leader in the city in which she lives. Bob is the sort of boy whom everybody likes. The girls are crazy about him; he never does a socially crude or ungracious thing. He is courteous to everyone from the porter in his fraternity house to the President of the University.

"But he never gets anything done," Lucy says to me. "He's a chronic procrastinator. I'm afraid he's going to fail, for he's always behind with his work."

"And where do you suppose he picked up this vicious habit of procrastination?" I inquired quite innocently.

"Well, I'm the worst procrastinator in the world," she confessed, "but I hoped he wouldn't follow my example."

FATHERS and mothers seem to be seeking new methods for governing their boys and girls. Psychology is invoked, and the social sciences scrutinized while pulpit and press expound on the problems of modern youth. But there is still one man old-fashioned enough to believe that most of the problems of boys and girls today have their beginning in the home.

Thomas Arkle Clark has been father-confessor to boys of college age for forty years. Their problems have been his problems. "Are children like their parents?" he asks, and his answer is characteristic of the popular dean noted for his outspoken opinions.

about as well as he knew how, and I sympathized with him.

But the parents were disappointed. They had expected brilliancy in their offspring rather than dull stupidity, and they berated the boy soundly, as he sat there ashamed of his commonplace record, for not having done better.

"Where do you suppose your son got these characteristics?" I inquired curiously. The father hesitated a moment.

"Well, I suppose he got the most of them from me," he admitted somewhat shamefacedly. "I'm slow."

"I am sure of it," I said, "And in

view of that fact I should be somewhat more patient with him, I believe." Most parents expect their children to be much more remarkable than they themselves have been, and most mothers are sure their boys are so. I have listened over and over again to the recital of son's virtues and accomplishments, and I know what mother thinks.

## The Widow's Son

IT IS the only child or the child of one parent who is likely to be selfish and lazy and self-centered, to have little thought for anything excepting his own pleasure and comfort. The widow's son is generally pampered, coddled, sacrificed far to a degree which robs him of all initiative and independence. When he comes to college he is looking generally for the easy road. He expects almost to be kissed and tucked into bed at night by some college official. The only child is more often than otherwise in the same category. There is a reason. Too much thought has been given to his comfort; he has not been permitted to make mistakes or sacrifices. Someone has always done the dirty work for him.

I had a letter from a mother last summer just shortly after the college had closed.

"My son was very anxious to get home at the end of the semester," she wrote, "and in order to catch the first train out of town, he did not have time to see to getting his trunk down to the station. I wish you would go over to his fraternity house, find the trunk, and then please see that it is sent to me by express."

I knew before I made inquiry that the boy was a widow's son, who had been used to having his mother run at his beck and call, and that she expected everyone else also to do the same thing as cheerfully as she did.

Graves dropped into my office last week by request. Graves is a freshman whose two scholastic reports have shown him failing in every subject for which he is registered. It has taken three calls to get him into the office. He slumped down into the chair across the desk from me as if he did not have a bone in his body.

"I wonder if I could change my course?" he asked.

"Why do you want to change?" I inquired.



A characteristic attitude that will be immediately familiar to some fifty thousand university students and alumni—and anxious parents!—Dean Clark in his office at the University of Illinois.

"I'm not interested in anything I'm taking. I didn't care much for college anyway, and I think I'd like a warmer climate."

Here was a great hulk of a boy who was lying down upon a task which any fellow of normal intelligence could do well if he would work a little, and his only reason for failing was that the work was not quite to his liking. His mother had come to town with him so that he might be quartered more comfortably. One hundred and fifty miles away his father was working early and late to make money enough to give his son the education which he had himself in early youth been denied.

"You're an only child?" I inquired, and he nodded his head. Pampered, coddled, given everything which his parents, through hard work and self-denial, could furnish him, and he thought he would like to go to Florida, where the winters were warmer.

There are the parents, too, who hurt their children by giving them too much money or too little, and one error is as disastrous usually as the other. Too much money generally comes from the father who has had hard sledding in his youth, who may have gotten his college education through his own efforts and with much sacrifice, or he may never have been to college at all. He has prospered, however, and he "does not want his son to go through what he went through" not realizing that in general the things which he went through more than anything else have made him what he is, nor appreciating the fact either that when a young boy has a lot of money to spend he is more than likely to give his attention to getting rid of the money before he turns seriously to the books.

Bland was interviewing me in an attempt to get at the cause of his son's worse-than-commonplace accomplishment. The boy was a healthy, well set-up fellow.

"How much money do you give him?" I asked finally. It was twice as much as was necessary for the boy to live comfortably. Having it, he felt under obligation to spend it, and the task left him little time for study.

Crane's father went to the opposite extreme. He was in excellent financial circumstances and could easily have given his son a regular allowance, adequate to take him through college.



"If George wants further education," he said when the boy was through high school, "he'll have to earn it himself. He'll appreciate what he gets all the more if he realizes what a dollar is worth."

### *One Father's Mistake*

AND so George drudged along, as so many thousands of young fellows are doing today, trying to carry a regular college course and to earn his living at the same time. It takes a clever boy to do both these things well, as it would take a versatile man to run a garage and be pastor of the Presbyterian church at the same time, and it is seldom, if ever, a real advantage to him. Only when there is no other way should a boy attempt it. George did his college work badly, and for lack of leisure he missed a great deal of what is really worth while in college life. It took so long to earn a meager living that he had far too little time left for sleep and for study, so that his brain was sluggish and his body weary. He dropped out

before he graduated, having found the struggle for existence too much for him. There are a good many parents who, like George's father, fall for the hokum that it is only those undergraduates who work their way through college who ever amount to much afterwards, when the real facts are that a good percentage of those who make the attempt either fail signally or have to be satisfied to do commonplace work. It is an unusual man only who can at the same time do two things well. The work of college is a man's work, and the undergraduate can wisely give all his time to it.

There are parents, many of them, who look upon their children as without fault and who blame the instructor or the administrator if anything goes wrong. If son is detected copying from another student's paper on a final examination, or is run in by the police under the influence of liquor, father is sure a mistake has been made.

"John says he didn't do it," the older man asserts, "and no matter what the evidence is, I believe him. He has never

(Continued on page 57)

Illustrations by  
Bernhardt Kleboe

# Letters of a Rotarian to Himself

From the Sanctuary of  
my office, Dec. 1, 1929

DEAR-ROTARIAN ME:—

ANOTHER month has rolled by and here I am at my office again, wondering if you can stand another letter dealing with the thoughts I have been having about Rotary. Oddly (or is it an outgrowth of the thoughts and experiences of the past few months) the things that have attracted my attention seem not so closely connected with Rotary; they do not deal with the mechanics of our movement; they seem to be more identified with the expression of our idealism in the community around us and in those communities that lie far beyond the borders of our city and of our country.

For example: I have been turning over the fact that the Bible begins with pastoral scenes in a beautiful garden and ends with complex life in the midst of a city. That seems the universal story. Man will not remain isolated. His life is lived to the fullest only when he associates with others and shares their sorrows and joys. Life, then, that is lived in our community is the life that is truly of value.

We have been talking about those things in Rotary that improve me as a business man and you as an idealist. We have thought that we must know Rotary. Tonight I want to paraphrase an author's lines to ask you this question: What do they know of Rotary who only Rotary know?

You see what I mean. These men who lunch together at noon and post their attendance figures as proof of being true Rotarians, these men who write codes of ethics and frame them prettily in their offices, these men who talk philosophy in the abstract, are they living a life that is full of the joys and sorrows of their neighbors? What do they know of that real Rotary that is a thing of the spirit?

Your answer—and mine—has been that they serve their communities in a

thousand different ways. I can almost agree, for I have seen boys' camps, loans to students, community Christmas trees, new hospitals and a host of other manifestations of community spirit.

Cromwell once said: "No one goes so far as he who knows not whither he goeth." Does that explain the wide difference in community activities? Clubs that were itching for action, individuals with personal axes to grind, enthusiasts who could address a club and get a resolution favoring anything and everything that seemed to be worth doing, club executives who started projects that made good newspaper copy,—all these contributed to make Rotary go a long way because it did not know where it was going.

Has it all been good? You will remember that one of our neighbor clubs made a study of the slums in its city and launched a campaign to build model tenements. I wanted to say to that club that it isn't slums that make slum people, but slum people who make slums and that the Rotary club in that city could have done more good if it had sought to build citizens rather than buildings.

I recall the words of a Chicago pastor: "You can't grow patriots on paved streets. Men's feet must touch the soil and the soil they touch must belong to them." What effort has that neighbor club and our own club made to contribute toward better community life by a vital campaign of citizenship?



"... begins with pastoral scenes in a beautiful garden and ends with complex life in the midst of a city."

Just the other day, our club was asked to endorse the policy of our country in an outlying possession. I wanted to get up and ask how deeply the idealism of Rotary had penetrated that possession. It is a part of the bigger community. Has it known the service of individual Rotarians? Are there clubs there in touch with clubs in the mother country?

Maybe this isn't Rotary, but I couldn't keep out of my mind the significant remark of Edmund Burke when he was discussing the proper attitude of England toward the Thirteen Colonies: "No cold relation is a jealous citizen." Do we have to go to an outlying possession? Don't we have cold relations just around the corner, in the slums, in prison camps, everywhere?

But we have done the work; you and I have seen it in operation. Let's look at one typical case. We staged a benefit show for the orphanage. It was a Rotary stunt, so heralded in the newspapers. Rotarians secured the talent; Rotarians sold the tickets; Rotary drew the headlines. The show went over big.

That was two years ago. We patted ourselves on the back for a year and then tried it again. Then we learned

what had been wrong. Rotarians had sold the tickets, but Kiwanians and Lions and Exchange members had bought them. Rotary had secured the talent, but outsiders who knew nothing of our organization sang and danced. Last year, they were lukewarm and properly so. Why should they help if we claimed all the credit? How much bigger and finer the show could have been if we had applied to our community effort a lesson of community life and had shared the burdens and the rewards with those who were our neighbors?

But we have done boys' work, as a club and as individuals. You know, when I was a boy, a boy was a boy; now a boy is a problem. Who made him a problem? Can it be the part-time fathers who have had time for every boy in the neighborhood but their own? Have we treated them as "cold relations"? I think that in the future I am going to pay little attention to the man who tells us how to work with boys and can't get the confidence of his own son.

But we did have a Christmas party and invited thirty poor children to our luncheon, where they were given new clothing and a good meal. It was a happy occasion, but charity solves no problems. What made them poor? What development of our industrial life made it impossible for the fathers to earn a living? Did we look into the family life or just gratify our vanity by lavishing a few gifts on the children? There might have been families there worth salvaging, people who could have been made self-supporting, who could have ceased to be slum people and could have moved out of the slums. But that meant a sacrifice of our time. We left them as our "cold relations" in that great family that makes up our home city.

Well, let's try something else. We did re-organize the Chamber of Commerce. We started a campaign that will mean progress for our city. The advertising of its industrial advantages is already under way.

What do we mean by progress? More people, or progress toward an ideal life? In the answer to that lies an appraisal of our movement.

Of course, all these things we have been doing are good and most of them needed to be done. But what do we know of life that is around us when we view it only from the security of our own homes? The final test of Rotary might be its effect upon the citizenship it builds by the example of its members and by their personal efforts with those who need help.

A moment ago, I mentioned "cold relations" in our community. What about those cold relations who belong to the family of nations and whose contact with us comes only from that membership? I can see you swell with pride. You are going to tell me that Rotary

has spread already to some three-score nations and through them is building the structure of friendship that will mean world peace.

I confess I cannot help but feel inspired when I think of the spread of Rotary, but when I look at a map and realize where Rotary has gone and what it might do there, I feel to the fullest the challenge of Rotary.

### One Among Millions

ROTARY has been growing for twenty-five years in these United States. There is now one Rotarian to every one thousand people. Yet how impatient we become. How long it takes for that lone Rotarian to serve as an ambassador to his craft for the promotion of better ideals of vocational service, to give his guidance to community efforts in order that we may make progress toward more ideal living conditions, to make his contribution toward international understanding and good-will, and finally to stand as one evangel in the cause of world peace. The odds seem so great. He is one in a thousand.

But the Rotarian in Great Britain and Ireland is a more lonely figure. He is one among three thousand. Yet his influence is being felt. The magnitude of the task brings its own inspiration. The seeming hopelessness of the undertaking makes the contribution of the individual all the more important.

Herein lies the germ from which social enterprises, political organizations, even great religions have grown,—the appeal that is inherent in a great cause. The more hopeless the cause, the more strenuous the endeavors of those who follow it.

If that Rotarian in the British Isles is lonely, think of the Rotarian in India, who is one among a million and a half, or the Rotarian in China, who is one among two million. These two great lands hold nearly half of all the people in the world. Rotary will never become universal until it penetrates these great power houses of world energy. One man among two million can never mold a people, even though he may stand upon a mountain.

Here, then, is a cause of sufficient scope to challenge our loyalty and command our energies. Two hundred Rotarians where there should be two hundred thousand, five clubs where there are ten thousand communities to be served,—that is a picture which we cannot ignore. When we have reached a new basis of friendship with the "cold

relations" in our city, we have ahead of us a fine field of endeavor in international affairs.

How can I help? Around the corner is Little Italy. A fine figure of a man pushing a banana cart. To me, he is a "wop." But what was the banana man in his own country? What was his background, his problem? Why did he leave those sunny skies? I have never attempted to hunt him out and hear his story. Possibly if I had, he could tell me something of benefit to Rotary in Italy. Through him, I might make my contribution toward international understanding and good-will.

Chang Sing takes my bundle of laundry on Monday and returns it Thursday. I pay him and that is all. Do I talk to him of Rotary? Do I tell him of that lonely Rotarian in China, one among two million? Do I explain what that inspired man is trying to do?

No, of course; but why shouldn't I? Chang comes from somewhere in China. He has relatives, friends, associates. If they should hear the story of Rotary from Chang, it would not be the White Man's scheme. It might come as a message of hope from one of their own people, and a tiny community in China might be made ripe for Rotary.

When I began my search, I said: "I must find in Rotary a cause, something greater than myself to which I can give myself in service." I believe I have found it. I can feel the challenge. I can face the future. We shall go forward.

Sincerely,

TOM.



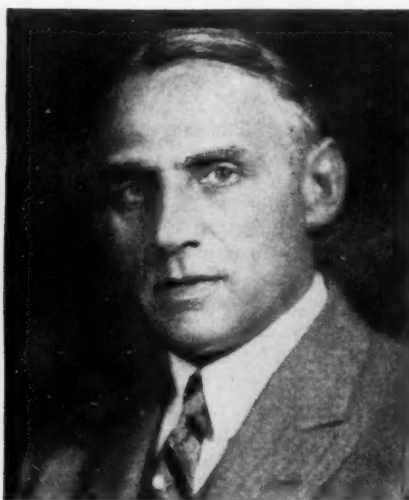
"What did we ever do to make friends among that people."



# Rotary Personalities—



JOSE M. ROVIRALTA



WALTER J. KOHLER

Stein, Milwaukee



GIUSEPPE BEVIONE



WILLIAM H. STANLEY

Schlatterman, Mexico City



FEDERICO ESCOBEDO

Daguerre, Mexico City

**JOSE M. ROVIRALTA, D. ENG.**, owner of the well-known roofing, tubing cement and asbestos factories, "Uralita, S. A.," and president of the Rotary Club of Barcelona, with the full support of all Barcelona Rotarians organized the successful Rotary festivals held during the famous Barcelona Exposition.

**WALTER J. KOHLER, M. A.**, governor of Wisconsin, prominent manufacturer and for three years president of the Board of Regents of Wisconsin University, is an ardent supporter of community welfare work, recently approving legislation, supported by the Rotary clubs of his state, appropriating \$300,000 for extending the work of the Wisconsin Orthopedic Hospital for children at Madison.

**GR. UFF. AVV. GIUSEPPE BEVIONE**, president of the National Insurance Association of Italy, as editor of "Il Secolo" of Milan made a distinguished name for himself in Italian journalism, and as a member of the Rotary Club of Milan identifies himself with the movement to raise ethical standards in business.

**WILLIAM H. STANLEY**, president of the Rotary Club of Mexico City, which is giving special emphasis to Sixth Object programs during the year, is the owner of a large specialty distributing concern and does much to advance international understanding through his many business interests in North and Central America.

**FEDERICO ESCOBEDO**, poet, priest, and bibliophile of note, is a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of the Spanish Language at Madrid and a member of the Academy of Arcadians at Rome. He is chaplain of the quaint church of El Carmen in Teziutlán, Mexico, and is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Teziutlán.

# Age Looks Back on Youth

*Some quarter-centenary meditations*

By "ROTATOR"

**I** WONDER how many of the original Rotarians, founders of the Mother Club in February 1905, can see themselves as they really were at that time? Of course they can refer to their portraits to see themselves as they looked, more or less, to their friends; but how far can they recall their feelings? Twenty-five years back makes a fifty-year-old man a youngster; how many fifty-year-olds would survive the experience of an interview with themselves when young?

A brilliant British cartoonist, Max Beerbohm, exhibited some ten years ago, a wonderful series of sketches, entitled, I believe, "Meetings with their Past Selves."

Famous men of the period are confronted with themselves as they were in youth (that is, about twenty-five years ago). One of them is a Prime Minister of Great Britain. He sits smug and self-satisfied, smoking his pipe, opposite a crude, callow-looking youth who says "Prime Minister? You? Good God!" Then there is Mr. Arnold Bennett, novelist; rotund and complacent, saying to himself way back; "Everything gone according to plan, you see!" "Yes" says the young Arnold, "My plan." I won't quote the rest, but the idea was the same in all of them. The youth is father to the man, yes!—but after the fashion of fathers, he has his own views of his offspring.

Max Beerbohm's notion was that man is better in his years of aspiration than in his day of achievement; that Success is a poor thing, after all.

And so when one throws one's mind back to oneself of twenty-five years ago, is it not with the sensation of being introduced to a *superior*? Why does the human being not grow in wisdom and in virtue with all that life has to teach him? Why would not ourselves of youth regard ourselves of to-day with the same pride as a cultivator regards a prize rose of his growing, an architect a fine building of his design, or a composer a fine symphony of his composition? And the answer is, that we have not the same ideal of ourselves as we have of our handiwork; we do not *value* the life that has been given to us as something for which we have to make a showing, but live it for the moment only. Could youth but know that it is the father of the man, and have an ideal of its progeny of to-morrow we would have

lives led on a very different plane from most of those we see around us.

My youth (and yours, too, I expect, fellow-Rotarians) of about the year of the founding of Rotary, did not want to think of the man as he would become. It had a holy horror of ever being fifty, fat and grey, and bald, and either self-satisfied with success or soured with failure or flabbily neutral with neither.

For this, we have to fix the responsibility. In olden times, there was dignity about age. To be a patriarch was to be something worshipful. Youth ordered themselves lowly and reverently before their betters. Young Athens used to sit at the feet of the philosophers, and feel honored at being spoken to by a Plato, a Socrates, or an Aristotle. Mediaeval Europe paid homage to master-craftsmen and city fathers. Age was something to have attained; to-day, it is something to suffer ashamedly as an affliction, to apologize for! What has caused the change in the respect for age and so robbed youth of the sense of creative responsibility in the shaping of its career? I think the fault lies with Age itself—during the great war.

## *Youth Laughs at Old Age*

**W**HEN war broke out in the old countries, at least, men sorted themselves out as either of combatant or non-combatant status. The original idea was that everybody who was below a certain age was fit to fight in the trenches, or to do some kind of war service. Middle-aged and elderly people thought the way to "do their bit" was to persuade, shame or coerce youth to join the forces—except in conscript countries where it was already provided that they should. That tended to make middle-age and old-age very unpopular. When there was shortage in manpower and the age limit was raised, youth began to laugh at the father and the uncle who had now to join up himself, and the cartoonists in all countries made fun of the middle-aged and elderly soldier, called up in the last extremity.

Certain youthful poets scathed at the expense of old-men politics that made wars for old-men hatreds. Youth discovered that it had inherited none of these hates of the past, that it had no hankering for revenge, for territory, for indemnities, or sanctions, or whatever the old-men diplomatists called these things. Youth saw itself at peace

with all the world, and idealised itself in scores of different ways, as representing not only grace and strength but also generosity. Age was identified with the vices, youth with the virtues.

Youth lost all sense of the dignity and nobility of war, and youthful cartoonists heaped the slush of discredit on war for all they were worth. War-hate and age-hate became one and the same passion. Youth began to dislike and to despise all the symbols of respectability, such as classic art-forms in literature, verse, painting, sculpture, and music. The coming of Jazz was hailed as an emancipation, for Jazz sounded the note of rebellion against convention in all forms, by accentuating the unexpected.

Has the time come to get things back to their right proportions? After all, there is a right proportion. To most of us the Creator has at least given a sporting chance to live a life of three-score years and ten in health, usefulness, and happiness. There is no age which cannot look beautiful and be lived beautifully.

A stroll around any of the great art galleries will give as much pleasure from contemplation of mature beauty as of youthful beauty. The finest literature you can read was probably written by a man past his prime—the later works of Shakespeare, for instance, wherein he concealed the tragedy of his own life, are the noblest of all. Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms and Tchaikovsky wrote their best works after they had passed fifty. Dickens, Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whitman, Browning, Swinburne, Meredith, Mark Twain, worked on into old age.

"Keep on Keeping On" is a pretty useful motto, but one we should learn when we are young. . . .

As a Rotarian, let me add this thought:—

It is one of Rotary's functions to keep men young, by refreshing their ideals and keeping warm their spirit of fellowship. Let Rotary so show itself to Youth that the prospect of "getting old" in years may be seen to be anything but getting feeble in the power to enjoy what is really enjoyable—and what is more really enjoyable than doing to the best of your powers the thing that lies to your hand, the business or profession that gives you your Rotary classification?

By ALLEN A.  
STOCKDALE

**T**HERE they are seated about a table, eating together, talking together, singing together, laughing together,—Rotarians at the weekly meeting!

Does it mean anything worth-while? Does it do anything to man life? Can it be defended in a court of reason and friendship?

Quickly the hearts of men speak out and say, it does. They know by experience. Men have few places where they can be their most genial selves. Professions and trades make them careful; business causes attitudes of caution; men as a rule dare not say exactly what they think, and fewer dare show what they feel. The sentiment, poetry, and romance of life dare not venture into a man's countenance and manner. He has to be a business-world type, a professional example, a trade model, thinking much, feeling deeply, but moving with the cold accurate precision of a human being turned machine, a soul turned producer, a mind functioning in the routine of an efficient manager.

But in the Rotary meeting he discovers a new world and in it a new fellowship. He hears his first name, or nick-name, called. He feels that somebody cares for him. He opens his heart—in walks a railroad president or a publisher of books. He smiles and is recognized by a rabbi, priest, or minister and actually, they look like they are really enjoying themselves.

He never knew a manufacturer could be so likable and human as the one by his side. He seems to have escaped the dollar-sign mark of value and come to a place where the heart sign is recognized.

He had begun to grow cynical about life. He never met any one who did not want something from him—letters, strictly business, interviews, propositions that had to be weighed carefully. But here in his Rotary club is real fellowship. Friendliness warms his heart, intimate conversation stirs his imagination. He discovers that he loves men, that their hearts are like his own, romantic, sentimental, and full of the eternal hungers of life. The world begins to melt and run together. He expresses his feelings in a jolly club song. He surprises his fellows with an apt and funny story. His real humanity shines

out in his face and colors and flavors his conversation.

He has responded to the atmosphere of acquaintance and confidence. He comes out of his hiding. He lifts the mask from his soul. He surrenders his own interesting brotherly self to the intriguing air of Rotary friendliness.

No matter whether in the large city or small city it is all the same, the magic key to unlock the hearts of men is found in the friendly understanding, the sincerity and simplicity of the Rotary method.

Men who have been gruff and crabbed become genial and good tempered because their locked-up hearts get out of prison, their guarded expressions catch the warmth of true neighborliness.

## Blended

*Friendly understanding—the key*

A man's classification is the path by which he enters. But soon he escapes the limiting influences of the things he must do to make a living and surrenders to the compelling forces that make a life.

How truly wonderful it is for men to meet together in unity. No man thinks to ask the other what his religion is, but comes to know what his mind and heart are. No man says "lend me some money" but each man asks "give me your self." Hebrew, Catholic, and Protestant love is







Illustrations by  
Bernhardt Kleboe

## Differences

*that unlocks the hearts of men*

discovered to be the same, and no one can tell the difference where no human tag is hung upon it.

Last summer through July and August I was in my little summer camp in the woods of Vermont. Being a member of the Chicago Rotary Club I had a pride of honor in keeping my attendance record not only passable but perfect. Each week I drove to the nearest Rotary club which happened to be in the town of Hardwick. There with the citizens of that well-known granite center, I broke

bread and enjoyed fellowship with the honest hearts of men, entered their jokes and participated in their songs; arrived late one evening and wore the derby hat as the good-natured penalty that set me apart from my fellows as the last arrival.

I was not a feared and misunderstood stranger from the second city of the United States. I was a welcome and well-treated brother of the Rotary family. I was at home in their circle. They were at ease in my company. We were all a part of a world-circling fellowship which knows neither race nor creed, nation nor blood, tradition nor history, but lives by the universal love of man and functions through the sympathy and understanding of drawing

near to one another in the magnetic atmosphere of Rotary feeling and spirit.

Such friendliness is good for health because men laugh and relax in the companionship of those who understand them.

Such friendliness is good for the soul because it is regular.

Week by week the program calls, the hour awaits, the subtle influence intrigues. The place is visualized and the mystic love of a human group includes. Each member is exposed to the potent redemptions of an idealism that is practical, fun that is curative, hope that is infectious, service that is reasonable, and memory that becomes the storehouse for thoughts, feelings, and pictures upon which they draw when working alone in the colder and more unyielding problems of a world of stress and resistance.

The next thing to the presence of love is the memory of it and the true Rotarian enters a fellowship once a week of such reality that he works on cheerfully the rest of the week under the dynamic urge of the memory of it.

I have moved away from the college days in the progress of my developed profession. I live for the most part in the more formal expectations of the sustained dignity of life. My interviews are proper and in keeping with good form. The salutations of my letters are the usual and accepted ways of well-ordered procedure. Distance and bearing are kept up to the standard of general good judgment and clearly understood atmospheres.

In the midst of all of this, like the sun breaking through the chilling depressions of a fog-bank comes a letter from a Rotarian friend full of life and interest, pulsing with thought and feeling, and beginning with the simple but thrilling salutation "My dear Allen."

Can you understand when I say that often the stain of a teardrop may be seen afterwards as a real and effective punctuation mark upon that letter when it is answered and laid aside. Think of it! A busy man as near to me as that; no cold distance from the dignified doctor's degree but the warm and affectionate simplicity of my first name.

It is easy for cynical men to set up to ridicule such tender and sincere relationships of life. But remember! Some

(Continued on page 60)



Letters flow into this office from every corner of the world, and it is to this cosmopolitan assortment of mail that President "Gene" Newsom gives attention the first thing each morning. His assistant is Neta May Brock.

*Photo: Richardson, Durham*



*Photo: Camera Craft Shop, Durham*

Stella F. Badger, secretary to "Gene" Newsom, who has written a "close-up" sketch of Rotary's "leading man" from the four-fold perspective of International president, friend, citizen, and devoted father.

*Photo: Walinger*



A new photograph of the president of Rotary International, M. Eugene Newsom, or preferably just plain "Gene"—for as one club secretary wrote—"he is just like the folks at home—soft collar and everything!"

# "Gene" Newsom—

By  
HIS SECRETARY

## Rotary's President

**T**HE little blue and white sign, with its Rotary wheel, tells the visitor who pauses before the door of Room 201 of the Washington Duke Hotel, Durham, North Carolina, that the occupant inside is none other than M. Eugene Newsom, president of Rotary International.

But after the visitor has been ushered in, and introduced to a man with a ready smile and a radiating personality, the sign is speedily forgotten and the more comradely "Gene" fills its place. Rotary's president is by nature "folksy." He sets no store on stiff formalities, high-hat vocabulary, and he does not spend precious hours telling the world of his own wonderful achievements. He is an efficient worker, not a spectacular showman. His secretary, in my humble opinion, ought to know.

As an executive, "Gene" Newsom believes in delegating important jobs to his associates,—whether it be his office assistants or Rotary committee chairmen and district governors,—and then to allow these individuals to shoulder the responsibility, and to apply their own methods in achieving results. He thus shows his canny understanding of human nature, and inspires loyalty and a fine spirit of cooperation.

During the months I have been privileged to serve as private secretary to Mr. Newsom, I have had opportunity to study him at close range as he conducts his own business, and serves in the larger capacity of International President of Rotary and as friend, citizen, and devoted father.

President "Gene's" Rotary office day starts about ten each morning that he is in Durham. Previous to that, however, he has been to the Durham Book and Stationery Store, from which he has his Rotary classification and his livelihood, and has put in a couple of hours. Everywhere, especially in his home town, he is known as a hard worker. In fact I was told when I came to Durham, "Don't judge all Southern men by the way "Gene" Newsom will make you work!"

The first thing each day to have his attention is his mail. What an interesting array it is! Letters and publications from the four corners of the earth. Here we have a letter from James W. Davidson telling about the latest addition to the Rotary world in the Federated Malay States. Right

next to it is a letter of thanks from a new club in a little western town of the United States. The secretary is so grateful for a photograph of President Newsom, grateful and pleased to find that he is just an honest-to-goodness fellow, just like the folks at home—soft collar and everything!

Here are several letters from Secretary Perry covering almost any subject under the Rotary sun. Next we find a letter from somewhere in the United States asking for the family tree of President Newsom so that some kinship may be traced. There is a letter from Governor Yoneyama of the Seventieth District (Japan) telling of his recent return to his native country after an absence to the "States" and giving some of his plans for Rotary in the Seventieth District. Letters are also here from various district governors in the United States, Canada, and other areas, as well as committee chairmen, telling of plans and hopes for the work in their particular line, or asking for advice and help from the International President. Each letter is given careful consideration and a reply is dictated. Then club bulletins from all over the world are read.

### Visitors Are Always Welcome

**T**HERE are always visitors coming in, men prominent in Rotary, people prominent locally, and every once in a while a student from Duke University, who has been sent in with a letter from his father, who is a Rotarian perhaps in some distant point. There may be a Negro among the visitors, some man who is prominent in the business life of Durham who comes in to consult Mr. Newsom about the Lincoln Hospital, the large hospital for the Negroes in Durham of which President "Gene" is chairman of the executive committee.

Although he may be busy, and so busy that he can hardly see his way clear, still there is always time for a cheery word with all who come to see him. The same is true with his community work. In addition to all of the Rotary work he still finds time to keep up his contacts with his own community. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of Duke University, his alma mater, a member of the Board of Directors of the North Carolina Merchants Association, an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, a steward of Trinity Methodist

Church, and an enthusiastic participant in numerous other community enterprises.

One o'clock is the Newsoms' dinner hour, and President "Gene," with but few exceptions, one of which, of course, is the Rotary luncheon, goes home to his noon-day dinner. His home, restful and hospitable with its big, old-fashioned, sunny rooms and glorious yard, is just a short walk from the center of town, Mr. Newsom's store, and his Rotary office.

President "Gene" with his family is a wholesome, delightful sight one cannot soon forget. Mrs. Newsom, beautiful and charming, and then the seven children! Ned the baby, who is seven, and his mother's "sugar." Nancy, nine, the adorable one. She looks in your eyes, and you are immediately in love with her. John, eleven, who looks like his father and has a way with him. Then Mary Toms, twelve, called "Tom" by all those close to her, who has a charm and personality all her own. Annie Laurie, fourteen, "Sister," who is the studious one. James, sixteen, who is brilliant, and "Gene" Jr., seventeen, the practical one. Is it any wonder that President "Gene" prefers eating his dinner in his own home with his own charming family? And is it any wonder that President "Gene," after the experience of presiding over such a delightful family, makes such an excellent presiding officer over larger groups as a Dallas newspaper reporter once put it. Of course I should add that Mrs. Newsom also does an important part of the "presiding" as a partner in the company of Newsom and Family, as every Rotary Ann who reads this can readily guess.

This has been a busy year in Rotary—one which has had many problems which have caused much study and thought. There have been many perplexing happenings. Three new district governors had to be appointed, such plans as that for area administration, in place of national units, had to be meticulously studied, clubs which have strayed from the fold had to be guided back.

Busy with the big things, but thoughtful even in the little things. A favor asked, if it is humanly possible, is a favor granted. That describes M. Eugene Newsom, Rotarian.





# EDITORIAL

## THE ROTARIAN

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### *The London Conference*

THE London conference for naval disarmament should mark the year 1930 in history with a notable accomplishment in the peaceful organization of international relations and in the reduction of the staggering burdens of taxation which the nations still bear in the maintenance of armies and navies. But the warning uttered by President Hoover as the American delegates left on the great mission to which he had assigned them should be taken carefully to heart. Months may elapse before an agreement is reached. But, in addition to exercising patience, the American people should realize that, to reach an agreement, difficult technical problems must first be solved and that in the better world order now being evolved under new influences, of which Rotary can claim to be one, other nations still labor under old fears as to their security.

The conference will not fail because of any lack of careful, painstaking planning and preparation by each of the five powers. But to reach an agreement between the five powers, under the conditions which exist, some measure of compromise and concession will be necessary on the part of each.

The American delegates and the naval experts and advisers who accompany them can be trusted to guard against any vital surrender. The same can be said of the other powers. Any relinquishment of national security will be speedily tabled. But the public must also guard against being misled by the unsound and ill-judged criticisms of jingoes who, like the notorious American, Mr. Shearer, may seek advertisement through the claim, whether in the United States or in any other of the countries involved, that its delegates have betrayed it.

It is a matter of history that after the first conference for naval limitation held in Washington nearly nine years ago, there were such jingoes who, by loudly, but separately, claiming that each of the five nations had made a bad bargain, strengthened

the belief of reasonable men that the bargain had been a fair one, since it was impossible that all should lose at the same time.

### *Doers and Duds*

THERE are only two kinds of people in the world. Some one has called them the people that lift and the people that lean. For the sake of brevity let us name them the doers and the duds.

We meet them in every walk of life. Almost every philanthropy, church, or fraternal organization must carry on through the earnest, sacrificial work of a comparatively small band of devotees. Too many men will not exert themselves except under the spur of necessity or some exuberant enthusiasm. It is so much easier to be a dud than a doer!

Even in business the clock-watching, eight-hour man represents a surprisingly large proportion of any personnel. How can we expect a different situation in such a voluntary association as a Rotary club? Everywhere, apparently, a few are carrying the burdens and taking the lead. It is a law of life.

What, then? Shall we fold our hands in resignation and let laborer and loafer remain fixed in their categories forever? By no means. The very injustice of such a cleavage is a challenge. Certainly in Rotary we can be vigilant in seeking men of conscience and capacity to fill our vacant classifications. We can pile on the all-but-unwilling backs as much responsibility as they will stand. Perhaps we cannot eliminate the drones; but we can wage an unremitting warfare to increase the ranks of the doers and reduce the number of the duds. Above all, we can ceaselessly guard against being duds ourselves.

Such a program can infuse new life into any Rotary club. It will inevitably tend towards a better balance between those who carry the load and the load they carry.

### *The Grandeur of the Furbelow*

EDWARD BOK is dead. When the news swept across America early this month, it was a real shock.

And yet what was it that Edward Bok did to justify such a feeling? He had built up a woman's magazine. He had written a pretentious and praiseworthy life of himself and some other books of merit. He had given substantial sums to music, art, and education and had amassed a very considerable fortune. Were these the reasons for the widespread regret over his death?

Hardly. It was quite as much due to a curious sort of idealism which expressed itself in the furbelows of life. He had done two strange things which at first might seem to a philanthropist waste-

# COMMENT



ful. He had put \$100,000 into a contest for peace plans; and he had hung a carillon of bells in a beautiful tower in a remote section of Florida.

The \$100,000 could not be expected to discover any real avenue to the goal of the ages. It did perform a service, however. It made hundreds of thousands of people think about peace, talk about it, write about it. Its by-product was of far more importance than its product.

And the Singing Tower in the bird sanctuary could not provide music for many hungry hearts. It was too far from the centers of population. Only those with means to travel could hope to hear it. But it led the whole country to dream of the liquid sound of bells on the quiet air. It popularized bell music—the carillon, the organ chime, even the Chinese or the tubular dinner-gong. And it expressed Mr. Bok's love of birds and flowers and all the beauty of the feathered and furred folk of the countryside. It caused others to remember them.

There are many furbelows of life—ornamentation that may seem to the practical man or woman little more than fussy trimming. Yet it is the poetry of these unnecessary elements that gives us beauty for ashes and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Mr. Bok did big things. He was one of the mighty men of his generation. But is it depreciatory to say that perhaps he did more for a modern materialistic world by the furbelows of his philanthropy than by his broad, conventional gifts or even by the creative editorial genius which built great magazines and wrote masterpieces?

## Two-Faced

JANUS, the ancient god of the Romans, was two-faced. One of his faces looked toward the rising sun and the other toward its setting. He has come, in popular parlance, to represent the hypocrite. But there was no insincerity in his double countenance. With steadfast and honest gaze he looked at both the past and the future.

A sane attitude it was, too. We need more people today with two such faces. For there is a cult which demands a complete break with the past, building a civilization upon thin air. There is another group which sees nothing worth while which lacks the lustre of antiquity. In their opinion there is no art, no literature, no music today. Only the classics count.

Neither element is right and neither element is wrong. We must look both forward and back. We must fix our faith upon the heroes and the heroisms of other days; yet we must move steadily forward. We cannot do the latter to the best advantage without the former. If experience makes a workman more valuable, it should do as much for a world.

Therefore we may properly be proud of Rotary's quarter century, America's hundred and fifty years of independence, or Britain's two milleniums of history. But what are these except a background for a future? Westminster Abbey as a burial place of England's worthies would be but a charnel-house were it not for its inspiration to the living. St. Peter's in Rome was founded in the remote past and re-built by Michaelangelo in the sixteenth century; but its value lies in the living church that prays before its shrines.

Janus was no hypocrite; he was a knowing god. The modern man, if he is to march with "breast and back as either should be," must be, like Janus, two-faced, looking both into the days that are past and into those which are to come.

## Poor Old Rotary!

CERTAIN members of the younger generation are likely to wax soft-hearted and reproachful when a grand old building tumbles into ruin to give place to a modern skyscraper. As each ancient stone rumbles down to sprawl helplessly beside its vanquished brothers, some compassionate watcher is sure to sigh, "Ah, what a story those aged walls could reveal! What honored names have now gone into oblivion!"

Another heavy sigh—with tears and slow music.

All this is apropos of the advertised emergence of Rotary from the wild buffooneries of its youth—as caricatured by H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis. Led by an earnest sociology student of Columbia university, a group of investigators is now engaged in lauding Rotarians for their new-found dignity—which is a fancy way of exclaiming, "What gay birds those Rotary chaps used to be! Look at 'em now, with their wilted tail-feathers and their dry-cleaned vocabulary!"

To be specific, here are some of the "discoveries" presented in the aforesaid report: "The outlook of the Rotary club is increasingly conservative." Rotarians are becoming "less convivial." In their present state Rotary clubs are the counterparts of the "old men's clubs of London."

Poor old Rotary!

Rotary bowlers—cease! Songsters—pipe down! Frolickers at the Christmas Party—shame on you! You who rang out the old year "as it should be rung"—toddle away to bed. Would you embarrass the new school of investigators? We are now a collection of conservative chair-warmers who watch the passing show wearily from some infirmity window and ponder sadly on the passing of a great race.

Poor old Rotary!



## A Golden Chain

THE front cover this month symbolizes the ever-increasing circle of Rotary. In 1905 there was one club with a membership of thirty. In 1910—16 clubs with 1,500 members. 1915—186 clubs, 20,000 members. 1920—758 clubs, 56,800 members. 1925—2,093 clubs, 108,000 members. Rotary membership at the end of a quarter century can be visualized by a study of the map on these pages. There are sixty different countries shown with an approximate membership of 150,000 Rotarians in 3,261 different clubs—a golden chain literally encircling the world.





# Chain

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# Rotary Around the World



## ITALY

### 100,000 Lire for Scholarship

ROME—Italian Rotary is raising the sum of 100,000 lire to establish a scholarship in honor of the recent marriage of one of its most illustrious members—Prince Humbert. The scholarship will be named after him. It is planned to invest the amount and devote the interest—approximately 12,000 lire every two years—to sending a worthy student to some foreign country for study.

The Rotary Club of Cuneo, of which the prince is an honorary member, has, in addition to endorsing the scholarship fund, decided to turn over 10,000 lire to a local institution, to be called the Princess Marie José Foundation in honor of Prince Humbert's bride.

The Turin Rotary Club likewise voted 10,000 lire to be given during 1930 to young students deemed worthy of help.

### Modernizes Health Service

MESSINA—Under the able direction of Honored Professor Gaetano Vinci, Messina is waging a successful war against tuberculosis and other scourges by thoroughly reorganizing its sanitary system, and modernizing the city's hospitals and health service.

### Traveling Library for Mountaineers

CUNEO—One of the oddest libraries in the world has been started by Cuneo Rotary. Penetrating into the rugged mountainous region of the province of Cuneo, both its novels and textbooks are eagerly sought by the inhabitants who are almost isolated from the rest of the world.

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## ENGLAND

### Hospital-to-Home Service

SHEFFIELD—Service is truly the motto of the local Rotarians. Patients at the Royal infirmary not ill enough to require an ambulance, but too ill to ride public conveyances and with no money to hire a taxi, are being taken to their homes in cars furnished by the Sheffield Rotary Club. The club plans to extend the service to all local hospitals.

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## GERMANY

### Sermons in Stones

DRESDEN—Each city street seems to possess characteristics peculiarly its own. The stones and walks tell their story to the passing wayfarer. Some-



The Honorable Mr. Justice Denis Murphy of the Supreme Court of British Columbia told Rotarians of Victoria, "Navies are utilized not to make war, but to prevent war." (See page 35.)

times the story is commonplace and sometimes beautiful and unusual, but whether prosaic or picturesque, romance weaves its spell alike over streets hundreds of years old. Rotarians of this city learned much about its streets in a recent bus tour of the city. The chief purpose of the trip was to compare old and modern methods of road construction. A government expert on roads did the explaining. After that he told Rotarians the ancient history of the streets over which they had passed.

\* \* \*

## SPAIN

### "Bueno, Buenos Aires? Habla Madrid."

MADRID—Rotarians of Madrid talked with their fellow-Rotarians in far-off Buenos Aires on the telephone recently when they held a joint meeting, although thousands of miles of ocean rolled and tossed between them. The local club "called up" the Buenos Aires Rotarians to thank them for the presentation of an Argentina flag.

### Word is Student's Bond

SAINT SEBASTIAN—A unique honor system is being followed by the local Rotary club in dispensing a loan fund to help deserving and conscientious students. The borrower signs no receipt for the money and is not asked for a promise to return it. He is left to regard it solely as a debt of honor, to be paid whenever he is able to do so.

## PERU

### Clubs Wage War on Gambling

LIMA—Rotary Clubs of Peru are waging a relentless war to stamp out gambling in this country. Aligned solidly together, they have gained the support of the Chambers of Commerce and other organizations and now are to petition for legislation that will close the gaming dens and drive the owners and frequenters to other fields.

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## NEW ZEALAND

### Wellington Rotarians Aid Needy

WELLINGTON, N. Z.—The poor in Wellington are dwelling in warm homes this winter through the kindness and efforts of the local Rotary club. Three years ago the club accepted for the city the task of keeping the needy in fuel. Each winter coal and firewood is dispensed to them through a depot installed and controlled by the Rotarians. The latter furnish most of the money to buy the fuel, some contributions coming from the general public. The help has been a great boon to the needy.

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## SOUTH AFRICA

### Rotarians War on Cancer

DURBAN—A campaign to raise \$150,000 here to give radium treatments to cancer patients or others in need of them, is well under way to success here, largely through the efforts of Rotarians. Three members of the local club are on the campaign executive committee, and all Rotarians are giving money and aid to the movement.

The Durban Rotary Club also has launched an extensive program for the aid of boys. It is raising a yearly maintenance fund for a Lad's Hostel, has petitioned for a Juvenile Court for Durban, and is helping the youngsters to study industrial conditions by taking them on tours of factories and other plants.

### Campaigns for Modern Hospitals

BENONI—The curtailed hospital facilities of Benoni are receiving the earnest attention of the local Rotary club. It has offered to help the South African Medical Association in any way possible

to obtain better accommodations for the sick. The club also is taking numerous Belgian children from Elizabethville to the seaside at Camps Bay.

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## ARGENTINA

### Boosts Better Roads

BUENOS AIRES—Argentina grows plenty of agricultural products and manufactures an abundance of industrial articles, but the problem of getting them into Buenos Aires is a difficult one because of bad roads in the province. So the Rotary club of this city has set out to solve the problem. Its first move was to have the local authorities appoint a transportation committee. This body now is perfecting plans for the immediate improvement of the roads, with the ultimate object in view of building new highways designed especially for automobiles and trucks.

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## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

### Rotary's Messages in Czech

SUVICE—The puzzle of how to "broadcast" Rotary's messages, written in English, in countries which do not speak that language has been solved quite simply by the Rotary Club of Suvice. Very few of the members of the twenty-six clubs in this district speak English. As a result, Rotary literature in the original is of little value. So each month Rotarian Prziza translates the articles of greatest importance in THE ROTARIAN and mimeographic copies are sent to the various clubs.

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## CANADA

### Navies Protectors of Peace

VICTORIA, B. C.—The United States and Great Britain build great navies not to make war, but to prevent war, and

the sooner the rest of the world comes to that realization the sooner will the dream of complete freedom of the seas become a reality.

Such was the keynote of the message delivered by Justice Denis Murphy of the Supreme Court of British Columbia in an address before the Rotary Club of Victoria. He was invited to speak in order that the club members might obtain additional enlightenment on one of the many international problems of long standing, and gave an impartial and profound review of the intricate subject of freedom of the seas.

"If it were once understood by the world at large," he said, "that the navies of the two countries were to be utilized not to make war but to prevent war, that the two navies will act together, or at least that neither will be used to protect the trade of a state found to have broken the covenant, then the problem of the freedom of the seas would be solved."

\* \* \*

## EGYPT

### Unique Charter Presentation

CAIRO—Manifesting the true spirit of Rotary in exhibiting wit and originality in their activities, Rotarians of Cairo held their charter presentation ceremonies while steaming south on the River Nile. Around the table were seated members representing fourteen nationalities. Acknowledging the charter, Rotarian Baehler illustrated the international character of the club by speaking in six languages!



Past President Guy Gundaker and Mrs. Gundaker begin world tour. (See page 56.)

## MEXICO

### Variety Spices Programs

MEXICO CITY—Rotarians of Mexico City heartily believe in variety as a spice for their club programs and incidentally as a condiment for attendance. Special addresses and informal talks by distinguished visitors to their city are always a welcome feature, as are vocational talks by members, but recently an exhibition of fancy billiard playing by a noted Spanish billiardist served the members as a gay interlude.

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## AUSTRALIA

### Third Pacific Conference in March

SYDNEY—The banner day for Rotary "on this side of the world" will dawn March 18 at Sydney, Australia.

Delegates from the Rotary Clubs that fringe the picturesque Pacific in that far-flung area will convene there on that date for the third Pacific Conference. It is a gathering called every two years as a means of bringing together the widely separated outposts of Rotary for a discussion of their problems and plans in an atmosphere of frankness and sincerity.

The meeting will extend from March 18 to 20, to be followed immediately by the annual conference of the Australian sixty-fifth district, embracing the twenty-six Rotary Clubs of Australia. This will continue from March 20 to 22.

Australia Rotary, through its district governor, Alfred C. C. Holtz, of Melbourne, has sent a cordial and urgent invitation to Rotarians throughout the world to attend the third great Pacific get-together, and the probabilities are that Sydney will be a Mecca for Rotarians of many nationalities in March.

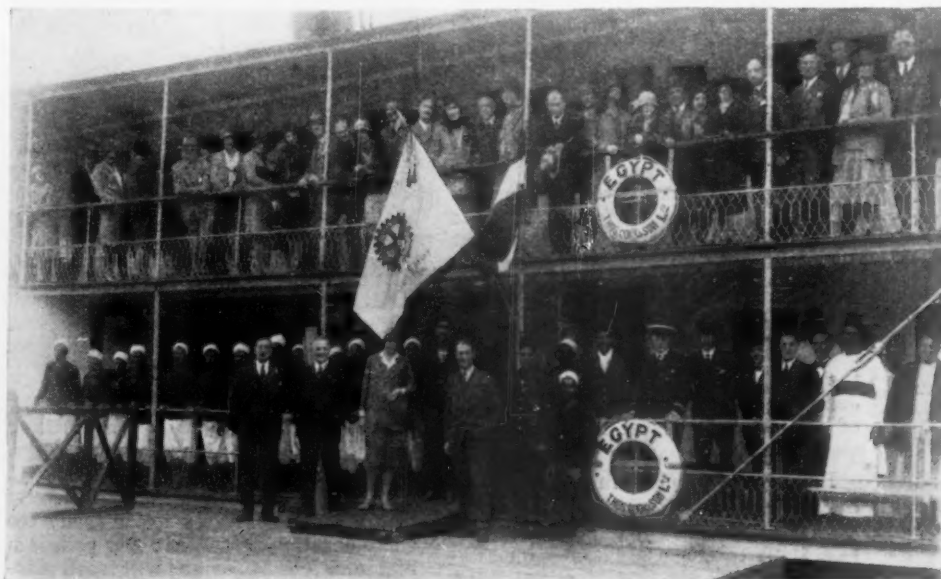
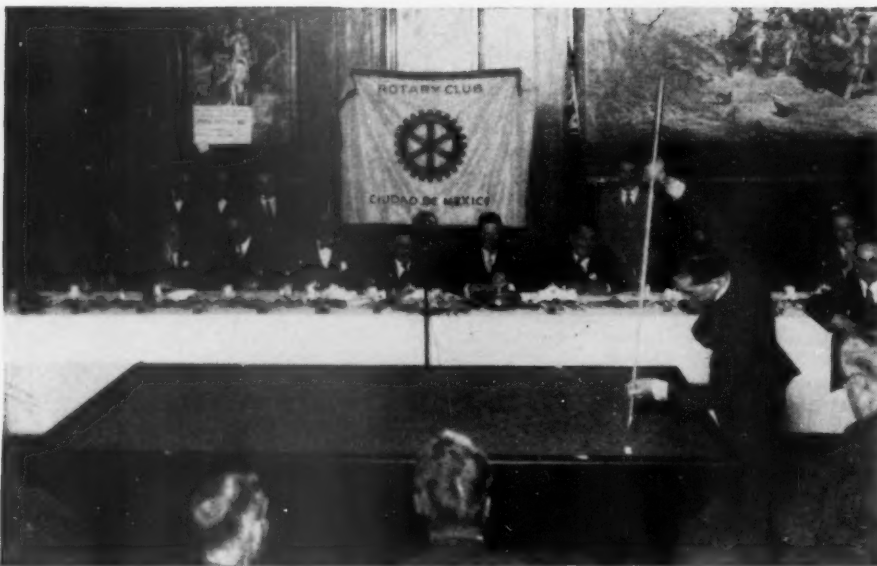


Photo: Zachary's, Cairo

Rotarians of Cairo, hold charter meeting aboard new Nile steamer "Egypt." Left to right (below flag): Clare Martin, president; Commissioner Buning and Mrs. Buning; W. R. Todd, Secretary.





Rotarians of Mexico City closely watch a noted Spanish billiard player extricate himself from a tight corner by putting some "fancy" "English" on the ball. (See page 35.)

The Sydney Rotary Club and conference committee have turned over to the travel agency, Thomas Cook & Son, the task of bringing visitors to Sydney for the occasion, and boats sailing from many ports of the world this month will be carrying Rotarians to the old-young land of the bounding kangaroo.

"Study is an excellent thing," Governor Holtz has pointed out in his invitation, "but actual contact is worth a mass of book knowledge, and thus it is that an international conference makes not only an appeal to the imagination but fires the will and kindles the enthusiasm as nothing else can.



Photo: Bachrach

The Honorable Martin L. Davey sends out twelve thousand "Christmas trees" to tree lovers.

"Such an opportunity in its greatest potentiality is presented by our forthcoming conference. It affords a unique opportunity to spend a week in the development of acquaintance with many Rotarians from not only the clubs bordering upon the Pacific, but from contiguous countries, in which Rotarians cleave to the same ideal and pursue the same aspirations as Rotarians everywhere."

Governor Holtz points out that there will be two outstanding objectives in the conference, one to have all of the Pacific countries in Rotary represented by thoughtful, able men; the other, to bring together delegates from every single club around the margin of the great ocean which is their immediate center of trade and political relationship.

Back of it all, of course, will be an ardent furtherance of the cherished Sixth Object of Rotary—the promotion of international understanding and good-will.

The Sydney Club has made elaborate arrangements to assure its visitors an unforgettable occasion during the conference. The sight-seeing and other entertainment plans cover all conceivable fields. Sydney itself is a metropolis of distinctive beauty, linked by short motor runs to magnificent mountains; colorful forests, and rich coastal scenery. The picturesque Blue Mountains are only forty miles from the city, and there one finds the ferny blue depths of the Kanimbla valley and the famous Jenolan caves. Sydney likewise has one of the most beautiful harbors in the world.

Rotary made its bow in the Antipodes only in April, 1921, when the first seeds were planted through the formation of two clubs in the southern section. It was fertile land, however, for the original two clubs have grown to a total of twenty-six, with 1,200 members, despite

the natural handicap of great distances separating cities and towns.

It is, too, one of the staunchest strongholds of Rotary, which it hopes further to prove during its great conferences in March.

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## UNITED STATES

### Send Trees, Not Poems

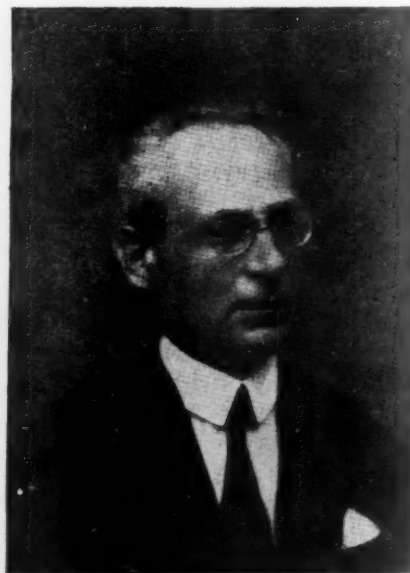
KENT, OHIO—"A little living tree," was the unique gift made to tree lovers this Christmas by Martin L. Davey, of tree-surgery fame. Twelve thousand trees, warmly packed and ready for Spring planting, were sent to symbolize the spirit of the season.

The response given the trees, overwhelming to the man who hoped his present would be kindly received, proved that love of nature still remains an abiding instinct. The maker of the gift has been deluged with letters of appreciation; letters brimming over with love for the friendly evergreens.

Men and women prominent in all walks of life paused to dictate friendly letters and to pay homage to the bit of green the poet believed more lovely than a poem.

### Organizes Working Boys Club

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—There aren't to be any boys of Wichita Falls growing into tough and shiftless young men if the local Rotary club can prevent it.



Professor Gaetano Vinci wages a successful war against tuberculosis in Messina. (See page 34.)

Recently the members organized the Big Brothers Club, primarily for working youngsters under fifteen years of age. It is such an outstanding success that its meeting-rooms furnished by the city in the city hall annex are already too small, as the enrollment has passed a hundred. The Rotarians will teach manual training; also how best to grow into good citizens.

(Continued on page 56)



### "Touches Home"

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

One of the most beautiful, well-knit bits I have read in some time is your "Bells of Progress" in the January number. I hope that no one misses reading it.

I like to know when a sermon of mine touches home, and I infer other writers and speakers feel the same. My congratulations to you.

GEORGE L. (PARSON) BARNES

Meriden, Conn.

### Every Rotarian Should Read

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

Have just read with the greatest interest the article in this month's issue by Carlo Bos entitled "Blind Patriotism and International Madness." It is splendid and hope that not only every Rotarian will read it and ponder over it but pass it on to his friends and acquaintances.

This man evidently knows what he is talking about and knows how to tell it.

Also noted in "Our Open Forum" the article on Esperanto and being of foreign birth myself, (my mother tongue not being English), I appreciate the importance of Mr. Allen's contention.

I am interested in Esperanto and would like to have the ten lessons suggested.

DR. HERMAN J. G. KOOBS

Rogers, Ark.

### Medals for Best Scholars

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

I should like to put forward the following idea for discussion:

That the Rotary clubs give a medal annually to the boy and girl leaving school in this district who obtains the largest number of votes from their fellow-scholars as being the best scholar of the year.

The qualification would be:

Best moral influence—example and kindness.

Fair average scholarship.

Enthusiasm for sports.

The reward for winning the medal would be an understanding that, other things being equal, any Rotarian receiving an application for work from the holder of a Rotary medal would give the holder preference.

The selection of candidates should be influenced by the teachers who would explain the qualifications to the scholars.

A. K. BURN

Tecopilla, Chile.

### "Unbreakable Link"

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

As to THE ROTARIAN!

Renewal—CERTAINLY.

PAYMENT—Cheque enclosed.

Term—To cover 3 years' subscription.

My advice is—keep the paper international in character, as it has a mission to perform and we look to the West to rise to the occasion and thus fulfill what may be termed the natural order of events.

Testifying to THE ROTARIAN after twelve months' subscription and reading I am firmly of the opinion that it should be supported by true Rotarians all over the world, so that its international character may be maintained and developed, thus providing an unbreakable link in the chain of insuring "Peace on Earth—Goodwill to Men."

With all good wishes for 1930.

WILL HEPBURN

Claremont, Wakefield, England.

### The Sort . . . That Gets Over

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

Wm. R. Yendall's article "Profit for Service" is of fundamental value. It is a splendid example of the simplicity of style produced by honest thought, and a model of the sort of writing that gets over.

"Profit is the margin over costs which enables capital and management to continue their service to the community" is simply a statement of organic fact, and one which it is seriously necessary every budding citizen should be aware of.

I suggest alternative mottoes:

"Profit for Each Follows Service for All" or "Service Profits All" or "Service Alone Makes Wealth" or "Service Comes Before Profit."

HUGH E. SEATON

Yeovil, Somerset, England.

P. S.—We want a sister club. Is there a Yeovil club in America?—H. E. S.

### Roses for O'Brien

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

Today THE ROTARIAN came in and after a general glance at the contents I settled down to read "The Wicked City" and my inclination was to write and congratulate Howard V. O'Brien but before doing so thought I would turn to "Just Among Ourselves"—to find that he is a regular journalist and might think it cheeky for me to do so.

Still even journalists like to know that their writings find appreciative readers so when opportunity occurs you can tell him of one whose first impression of Chicago was in 1886—mud and slush with the slaughter yards as a background; next in 1911 under the guidance of a taxi-driver—magnificent mansions on the lake side, and then in 1926 under the care of a Rotarian, who really knew Chicago and apparently loved it—a week at the Sisson Hotel with as fine a lot of men as it is my wish to meet, leaving another memory of a city with magnificent parks and gardens. So you see that I am one with some knowledge of the city and can appreciate and enjoy O'Brien's contribution to your wonderfully improved journal.

Our Spring is just over and we are now entering the Summer. The roses have been a dream this year after what, for us, has been a long winter.

The Crippled Children Week is on and I believe that 15,000 pounds—not dollars—will

be furnished by the public. Two Rotarians have already contributed 1,000 pounds each in addition to the 1,200 pounds put up by members of Sydney club to conduct the Survey.

FRED BIRKS

Past District Governor

Sydney, Australia.

### The Toes on the Image

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

Have been greatly interested in your two articles on "United States of Europe." Both writers seem obsessed with the necessity for such an arrangement. God Himself must have foreseen the necessity of such a union since both the Book of Daniel and Revelation tell us of such an arrangement just before the coming of our Lord. Why not suggest to some good writer interested in the "United States of Europe" to write on the subject from the standpoint of prophecy? The toes on the image spoken of in prophecy would indicate that five states would be in the territory known as "Eastern Rome" and five in that known as "Western Rome."

You are making a fine magazine of THE ROTARIAN. May you be able to keep it up.

J. E. SKIDMORE

Cobourg, Ontario.

### Too Many Tonsils Exposed

Dear Editor:

It's poppycock like this that gives one a pain in the neck.

One would think that all that was needed to win the War was a good meistersinger instead of a drill master.

Rotary has enough songs. What it needs are some singers. Then we can hit them on the head with hard rolls of bread. Perhaps a cup, now and then, might be allowed.

As it stands, entirely too many tonsils are in view, even without the singing. Something ought to be done about it. There ought to be a law. . .

Anyhow, how can a fellow sing while this here Noble Experiment is being demonstrated? I ask you that?

I've been around a lot, here and over there, and I've yet to hear a Rotary president sing half way decently. I'm in favor of a sort of songfest, in the nature of an elimination contest. The guy that wins becomes president.

Then, instead of those long laudatory introductions of the speaker of the day, he could sing a snappy song, we'd all join in the chorus—and there you are.

If we got tired of the speaker, we could go from our yawning act into our "Today is Monday, and so on."

What I am pointing out is that there's no organization to this singing thing. Rotary needs an organizer along those lines, and it can't be done too soon. Just now we need some sort of a song to help Wall Street out. I know such a song can do it, for you've practically said so in your editorial in THE ROTARIAN.

B. LAH

# Chicago—Wild Onions and Orchids

By H. F. HARRINGTON

"Come to Chicago!" is the hearty welcome from Charles E. Herrick, chairman of the Host Club Executive Committee.



Photo: Kaufman & Fabry

**I**NDIAN settlers in the dim yesterdays called it Chicago, because of the profusion of wild onions that grew along its muddy shores that stretched level with a vast inland sea now known as Lake Michigan.

Many visitors who accept Chicago's boundless hospitality, and mingle their lives and personalities in the picturesque welter of its far-flung activities, still cling to the epithet of *wild onion*, and indeed still discover some of the excesses of reckless youth, and some of the rank odor of bad government, gang warfare, and flagrant disregard of law. Yes, those who seek wild onions will surely find them in Chicago today.

But thousands of Rotarians from all parts of the world, who are to journey Chicagoward this June to celebrate the Silver Anniversary of Rotary, will speedily find that the second largest city on the American continent is also richly blessed in rare and beautiful orchids—to set alongside the native wild onions—and that these exhibits are distinctive and fascinating. Let us specify.

No other American metropolis has experienced such a transformation

in the span of a hundred years. Explored by Joliet and Marquette in 1673, started as a trading post at the mouth of the Chicago river, where roving Indians, French *voyageurs*, grizzled trappers came to drive a bargain and spin a yarn, the city has lifted itself from the mud and stretched out its boundaries until it now encompasses nearly 200 square miles of territory, and has a citizenry of nearly 3,000,000 souls.

**A**N INDIAN massacre, the Fort Dearborn tragedy of 1812 . . . the devastating fire of 1871 . . . the Haymarket labor riots of 1886 . . . stand out boldly in the story of Chicago's past, but they lose much of their significance when set into the frame of present-day Chicago. Caliban of cities, it has won renown as a railroad and industrial center, as a vast market-place for buyers and sellers, as a commercial port, and as a City Beautiful. Its driveways and parks, reclaimed from the lake, make a gigantic unfinished landscape. Its buildings thrust their steel shoulders against the sky. Have you ever seen the new Chicago after dark when its pinnacles of trade fleck the horizon with a flashing pageantry of light?

Photo: Kaufman & Fabry



Where Rotarians will assemble in conclave; the recently completed Chicago Stadium, fifteen minutes ride from the famous "Loop."



A bird's eye view of downtown Chicago along the winding Chicago River upon which canoes of Indians drifted less than a hundred years ago—a beautiful orchid in Chicago's civic bouquet.

Floyd L. Bateman, president of the Rotary Club of Chicago.



Photo: Waltinger



Photo: Chicago Aerial Survey Company

Below—A glimpse of the skyline through the peristyle in Grant Park.

Photo: H. Wendeler



Here is one of Chicago's orchids worth seeing.

Educationally Chicago means much to the life of the nation. In its schools—elementary, normal, institutional—and its colleges there are 820,850 students enrolled. But the educational opportunities offered by Chicago are not exhausted in the list of institutions strictly scholastic. There are also 92 libraries—besides those in the schools—and museums and repositories including the Field Museum of Natural History, the Art Institute, the Shedd Aquarium and the Adler Planetarium (the only one of its kind in the United States).

A most beautiful blossom in Chicago's bouquet of orchids is the new Civic Opera House where the world's great artists present the masterpieces of grand opera to thousands of music lovers. The Chicago Symphony orchestra, with its popular concerts, the theatres, the Little Theatre Guild, the Dramatic League, the Cinema Art Guild are other lovely flowers.

Verily, in Chicago there are many, many things to see! The world's largest and most beautiful retail store. A Municipal Airport. The most modern of newspaper plants.

Though it be, as Carl Sandberg says,

*Hog Butcher for the World  
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,  
Player with Railroads and the  
Nation's Freight Handler;  
Stormy, husky, brawling,  
City of the Big Shoulders*

—Though it be wicked and cruel and grimy, Chicago is beautiful nevertheless. It has a heart big enough to include human service; it has a soul responsive to the finest and the best.

# War Origins and the War Mind

*The trend of political events just prior to August, 1914*

By "JONVIC"

**D**URING the present month, which is that of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Rotary, we are not likely to escape the orator who will assert that, had Rotary been in 1914 where it is in 1930, there would have been no World War. There is just this amount of justification for that boast: If we had then known what we know now about the way the World War came about, Rotary might at least have done something to prevent it. To agree what that something might have been, we need to look back on the years before the War and to get our minds absolutely clear on what were its true causes.

I have the most vivid recollection—that of a very busy working journalist—of the things that immediately preceded war. Let me try to tell of them in a little autobiography. One beautiful day in June, I went over to take luncheon with an elderly statesman with a house on the banks of the Thames. As I approached the village, I passed coming out of church a little party on foot. One of them was a Princess, daughter of Queen Victoria; the other, her son, a reigning German prince. Anything more peaceful I cannot picture.

At the luncheon party were two or three foreign diplomats, a mysterious German baron, a young Irish woman, some other ladies, and myself. We chatted gaily about things in general. After the lunch, I noticed, while walking with my host in the gardens, that the German baron and the Irish woman were talking closely—the topic being a recent gun-running expedition into Belfast Lough, it was said to supply arms to the Ulster "rebels"—that is, those who had lately been threatening to oppose the grant of Home Rule to Ireland by force. Overhearing a little of the conversation, I remarked to the Baron that he, as a German, seemed to be taking quite a close interest in the little troubles of Great Britain.

"Certainly," he said, "anything that is giving trouble to England is of much interest to us just now."

The words "just now" stuck in my memory. On my ride home, I heard, as I passed through a suburban town, the cries of the newsboys with a special edition of a Sunday newspaper. I stopped my car to buy a copy, and read the staggering news that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, had been assassinated at Serajevo, in Bosnia.

To me, the news was fateful, as for years I had closely followed Balkan affairs, and a few years previously had toured through the troubled areas of that part of Europe. There had been incessant rivalry between Austria and Russia to secure "influence" over Serbia. The Archduke was known to have a plan to bring the little kingdom into a federation which would change Austria-Hungary from a dual monarchy into a triple one. Ferdinand, when he succeeded his uncle, would be crowned King of the Southern Slavs as well as Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, and the kingdom would be precisely what Jugo-Slavia is to-day, a kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

That plan was one which Russia was determined to frustrate; it would fix the Southern Slavs once and for all within the central European rather than the eastern orbit. I suspected that the hand of Russia was somewhere in this Serajevo affair, and to this day see no reason to change the view.

## Ominous Signs

**A**LMOST immediately after this, I crossed the North Sea on a trip to Norway. Among my fellow-passengers were several Germans. We went ashore at Bergen, Norway, and sat in a cafe. There I asked one of my German companions if he would not read me, from a Norwegian paper, the news from the continent, as I wanted to mail a "special" home to my paper which carried a feature dealing with continental politics. The German obliged, and read little tidbits. These were somewhat alarming. There were falls in prices on the Berlin bourse; the German Crown Prince had gone on a staff ride on the Alsace frontier of France. Emperor William had suddenly cancelled a proposed visit to Vienna, and instead was coming on a cruise to Norway—where he kept his yacht. I sent my "special" home, and hazarded the prophecy that there were things happening on the continent that had a suspicious look.

My "copy" reached London for publication about July 21. I went on the rest of my tour. We touched at Balholmen, on one of the fjords, where the Kaiser's yacht lay. All was peace, perfect peace. Wilhelm's coming was eagerly awaited. The German officers came

aboard our yacht and we exchanged compliments and toasts, and fraternised generally. Nobody looked less like war than did these very agreeable young gentlemen. Before I left Norway for home, the news had come through that the Kaiser had cancelled his yachting tour, and was staying in Berlin.

I landed back in London, and went straight to my club, the Constitutional, for lunch. There I found a little party of politicians in close conclave, and joined them.

"What's the conspiracy?" I asked.

"Oh, there's going to be war," said one.

"That's what I've been writing in my paper," I said. "Where's it going to begin?"

"Oh, the usual place," was the reply, "The Boyne."

(The Boyne is the river that separates Ulster from the south of Ireland, and was the scene of a decisive battle between Cromwell and the Stuart remnants.)

"Oh, you're talking of an Irish war," I said. "I'm talking of another one."

"What's that?" asked my friends.

"The European War," I said. "It's coming for certain."

"You don't mean to say —," began one incredulously, then added "A European War would, of course, put all our plans into the cart"—the plans being connected, I may now add, with the expected Irish Civil War.

"Yes, and you'd better stop those plans anyway," I said, and beat a retreat.

For days after, I was greeted every day with incredulous grins, and asked "how my European War was coming along. Unfortunately, with the days, the grins wore off. By the 1st of August, the Great War was a certainty, and my alarmist paragraphs were no longer the subject for laughter. For four days, peace and war hung in the balance. Many people were sure "something" would happen at the last moment to stop it. They talked vaguely about "Big Business" intervening. The banks would never allow it, and so forth. In actual historical fact, the banks very nearly did stop it. On the third of August, the British Cabinet sat throughout the day, and there were rumours on every lip that Britain would "go neutral," as

a result of the influence of the big banks.

I can here tell what I happen to know of a little secret history. The British Cabinet was then Liberal, and so more pacific than would have been a Tory cabinet. But it had in its ranks one minister of Tory extraction, Winston Churchill, then at the head of the Navy. Churchill had been watching things on the continent very closely, and had decided that it would be by no means a bad thing, whatever happened, if the British Navy were mobilised.

Now the British Navy's home quarters were at Scapa Flow, on the North East of Scotland. How was the fleet to be got down to the English channel without attracting any undue public attention? Churchill had then, what he has now, a brilliant tactical brain. There was trouble in Ulster. Quite suddenly he brought the Fleet down so that it lay off Belfast Lough, at Lamlash. Everybody thought "Winston" was trying to frighten the Ulster rebels, and I described this threatening gesture as a piece of pure Lamlashing. A day or so, however, and the fleet was no longer off Ireland, but off the south coast of England. The papers came out with the news that a "review" was being held, to be attended by the king. It was held, and attracted no special attention.

Now for that fateful Cabinet of August 2. The ministers were divided whether Britain should send her ultimatum to Germany or not. There was a pause. Then, dramatically, Winston Churchill spoke:

"Whatever you decide, gentlemen, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that the British Fleet is mobilised, and ready to guard the seas."

There was a gasp of amazement.

"Mobilised?" exclaimed several voices. "But by whose orders?"

"By mine, on my own responsibility," said Churchill. "If I have done wrong, I am prepared to take all the blame, but I did what I thought best in the nation's interests."

Churchill knew that if they asked for his resignation, the Cabinet would fall, and had guarded against this contingency by establishing contact with the Opposition, so that they might be ready to step in at a moment's notice. My story is, that a party of these Opposition statesmen were spending the week-end at a riverside house. In the middle of the night, their leader, Mr. Bonar Law, was called to the telephone, and went down in his pajamas. At

the other end was Winston Churchill, to tell Bonar to be prepared at short notice to take over the government! Bonar Law reported this to his colleagues, and they thereupon wrote a letter to Prime Minister Asquith intimating that if he did not feel strong enough to fight on his own account, the Tories were prepared to form a coalition with him.

Asquith, knowing this, met his cabinet again, and stood firm. Several members resigned rather than go to war, but the majority agreed when the news came that the Germans had entered Belgium. Among those who had formerly been for peace, but decided for war on the arrival of this news, was Lloyd George. Britain sent her ultimatum of twenty-four hours at midnight on August 3rd.

### *A Lot to Shout About!*

I SHALL never forget the evening that preceded the outbreak of the World War, which I had been the first English journalist to back as a certainty. I had rushed up to London from a holiday home, where I had deposited my wife and young family. The sun was setting on the golden cornfields as I left them—at a home that in a very few weeks was to be emptied of its civilians and converted into a war-camp.



Business Manager of  
"THE ROTARIAN"

HARVEY C. KENDALL has been appointed Business Manager of "The Rotarian" succeeding Frank R. Jennings. During the past year "Harvey" was Assistant Secretary in charge of the Club Administration Division at the Secretariat. In this post he gave service and information to clubs on administrative, classification, and membership problems, programs and on all other phases of Rotary activities. Previous to joining the Chicago headquarters staff he had many years of experience in the publishing, advertising, and printing business. When acting as advertising manager of the Fremont (Nebr.) *Evening Tribune* he became a charter member of the Rotary Club of Fremont, and later was elected president of the club. Upon moving to Lincoln, Nebr., he joined the Lincoln Rotary Club, served as its president in 1926-27, and still holds his membership in that club.

At my club in the evening sat the usual group of politicals. We dined, and every now and again one of our number would go to the news-tape and bring back the latest. The hour drew nearer and nearer. At midnight, no news having come of Germany's acceptance of the ultimatum, war became the awful fact. I and my companions quietly picked ourselves out of our chairs and went into the streets, to join in the processions that were marching to Buckingham Palace to cheer the King and generally make revel.

"A lot there is to shout about," I remarked to the others, as we retired to bed—to awaken the next morning to read that the Germans had committed the first act of war and sunk British ships in the Thames Estuary.

Now, friends and Rotarians, what is there in a chain of events like that to lead you to suppose that Rotary, or any other movement, could stop a war once a war was on the way?

Without doubt the nations just drifted into war, from day to day, because there was no human power to stop it. The conversation I quoted between the German baron and the Irish lady reveals that Germany had the "war mind" at that time, and was watching the troubles of her neighbors from the viewpoint of the skilled chess-player watching a possible opening when the time came for movement.

The assassination of Francis Ferdinand was the result, doubtless, of somebody's plotting somewhere, and created an incident that must lead to war. So long as you have political assassins, so long you have the risk of vengeance by outraged patriotism. Austria had to do something to avenge her heir-apparent. I spoke of staff-rides on frontiers. When there is a risk of war, it is the way for armies to take steps prior to mobilisation and action, and the European armies had been watching for signs of the outbreak for years past. The secret mobilisation of the British fleet that I have attributed to Churchill, was due to the existence of a brilliant war-mind watching for events at sea.

I am no hostile critic of the "war-mind"; if war is part of the recognized way of settling international disputes, you must have minds to make war. Are we sure there are no war-minds working that way to-day? I am prepared to assert that in every country of the world there are such minds, and that if such episodes as the assassination of Serajevo were to occur to-mor-

(Continued on page 49)



## Rotary's Hole-in-One Club

**E**LEVEN more Rotarians upon whom the gods of golf have bestowed their most benign favors. Rotary's Hole-in-One Club now has a membership of one hundred and two, with new candidates constantly presenting their application. Next month there will be another page of pictures of new members.



James H. Beatty, Victoria, B. C., Canada, Colwood, 153 yds.

F. K. Rambo, Muscatine, Iowa, Geneva, 82 yds.



William B. Walter, Beatrice, Nebr., C. C., 162 yds.



Paul Krauss, LaFayette, La., Municipal, 130 yds.



H. T. Ewald, Detroit, Mich., Asheville, 162 yds.



Memphis (Tenn.) Quintet—all bona fide Hole-in-One members. Standing (left to right), W. J. Prescott, E. R. Bailey. Front row, seated (left to right), A. Bartholomew, J. M. Walker, and E. C. Denaux.



Bishop H. Lester Smith, Chattanooga, Tenn., Ludington.

# Buenos Deseos Internacionales, La Paz Uníversal

Por NICOLÁS GARCÍA CURBELO

*Sub-Secretario del Club de Ginees, Cuba*

**E**S indudable que las materias a que se refiere el epígrafe se prestan y hasta producen un vivo deseo de extenderse por los vastísimos campos de la filosofía, hilvanando consideraciones que conduzcan a la confección de un minucioso y bien documentado estudio sobre la significación y consecuencias de los buenos deseos internacionales y el verdadero concepto de la paz universal en su más amplia concepción.

Pero nuestra pluma, débil e incipiente para esa abrumadora jornada, podría incurrir en lamentables divagaciones por entre los escabrosos e intrincados senderos de la filosofía. Para no correr ese riesgo, nos limitaremos a pergeñar unas cuartillas, despojadas de toda pompa literaria, satisfaciendo nuestros deseos de emitir un simple criterio sobre el referido tema.

Sabido es que una de las principales tendencias del rotarismo es la promoción del entendimiento, buena voluntad y paz internacionales. Nada más fácil que cumplir con esa brillantísima finalidad, si todos aportamos nuestra cooperación con buena voluntad.

Para sentir buenos deseos hacia nuestros semejantes, no es necesaria una labor especial en que intervenga una gestión material. Todo depende del corazón, del instinto. La civilización, en su ininterrumpida obra de progreso, ha llegado a perfeccionar la voluntad humana, haciendo surgir en nuestro espíritu un intenso deseo de sociabilidad, inspirado no en el hecho de hacernos fuertes y numerosos en nuestros conjuntos geográficos, como las antiguas tribus, sino con el fin de llevar a cabo una obra justiciera de cooperación, de beneficio mutuo, aportando cada cual sus facultades y unidos por el nexo indisolu-

## Para Nuestros Lectores de Habla Española

(For Our Spanish-Speaking Readers)

ble de una amistad desinteresada y sin fronteras que limiten su dilatado imperio.

Quién no tenga buenos deseos para con sus semejantes, no tiene corazón. Ahora bien, para que ese sentimiento de bondad hacia el prójimo resulte verdadero y de positivo beneficio, es necesario que desterremos de nuestras almas el egoísmo. Esa funesta pasión corrompe nuestros sentimientos y perturba la verdadera compenetración internacional, quebranta la reciprocidad y cohibe la cooperación y el desinterés.

Por esto existe una sola forma de mantener la armonía y buena voluntad en el universo y es, sintiéndonos amigos todos, inspirando nuestras actividades en idénticos ideales de unión e igualdad, haciendo que desaparezcan los rencores, la envidia, la vanidad y el egoísmo; considerándonos los unos iguales a los otros, sin temor al poderoso ni compasión al débil, porque estas condiciones de los pueblos desaparecen bajo los destellos luminosos del cariño.

Para obtener esta magnífica equidad, contamos con un espléndido sistema creado por Rotary, ese árbol gigantesco que extiende sus raíces por toda la faz del planeta y mantiene bajo sus frondas bienhechoras de amor y de prestigio a más de un centenar de miles de hombres. La gran Institución rotaria tiende por medio de excelentes procedimientos, a

obtener esos buenos deseos internacionales y habrá de conseguirlo definitivamente, porque posee en su seno hombres todos de buena voluntad, que laboran por el bien del procomún, sincera y desinteresadamente. El rotarismo se arraiga en casi todos los países de la tierra; las banderas de ese conjunto de pueblos que disfrutan de los beneficios de Rotary han confundido su policromía en una sola que es bandera de paz y de amor, para albergar y proteger a todos los hombres que, olvidando pasiones, conveniencias e intereses personales, laboran con tesón inquebrantable bajo el imperioso mandato de un corazón noble y desinteresado, por la institución de la amistad, como fundamento único, incommovible y sólido, en que deben sustentarse el acercamiento y la identificación de todos los pueblos del orbe, con el solo fin de prodigarse con espontánea solicitud, un sincero sentimiento de bondad recíproca.

Obtenido ésto, conseguida esa absoluta compenetración de los hombres, como lógica consecuencia la simbólica paloma reinará omnipotente y extenderá sus nubes alas bienhechoras sobre el universo.

Cuando todos desechemos nuestros egoísmos, cuando en nuestros corazones solo se produzcan las flores inmarchitables del afecto, cuando sepamos todos cultivar la rosa blanca que dijera José Martí, cuando podamos ver siempre en el horizonte las fulgurantes irradiaciones del sol esplendoroso del amor recíproco, campeará sobre la tierra, que será entonces un campo fecundísimo de calma y optimismo, la paz más absoluta, sustentada y protegida por un poderoso haz de hombres de corazón, unidos estrechamente por los vínculos indestructibles de una amistad imperecedera.

## Actividades en los Distritos

### *Lucida Reunión*

En Octubre pasado, el Rotary Club de Buenos Aires celebró en una de sus sesiones al Cincuentenario de la Invencción de la lámpara eléctrica. Era huésped de honor el famoso explorador Australiano Sir George Wilkins.

Después de un brillante discurso sobre los orígenes del invento de la lámpara eléctrica por el Rotario Ernesto Lix Klett, el explorador Wilkins hizo un ameno relato de su viaje al mundo a

bordo del "Graf Zeppelin" y de los planes que se propone desarrollar en su nueva expedición desde la ciudad de Montevideo, Uruguay, hasta el polo sur.

También el Rotary Club de Montevideo agasajó al explorador Wilkins en una reunión especial del club. El explorador les dijo que todavía lleva el reloj mascota que el Rotary Club de Nueva York le presentó hace un año, después de haber dado la vuelta al mundo.

### *Obsequio De Navidad*

El día 21 de Diciembre pasado el Rotary Club de Monterrey, México, con una atenta carta firmada por el Presidente y el Secretario del club, envió un pequeño obsequio de Navidad para once mil niños de las diferentes escuelas, Orfanatorios y Asilos de Caridad de Monterrey.

Los fondos con que se adquirieron los dulces, fruta y juguetes en que consistió el obsequio fueron los reunidos por los Comités nombrados por el club quienes

solicitaron la ayuda de los miembros del mismo, de los señores industriales y negociantes de la ciudad que bondadosamente se prestaron a contribuir con fin tan noble.

### *Actividades Del Rotary Club De Cochabamba, Bolivia*

Auspiciado por el Rotary Club de Cochabamba, Bolivia, se ha producido en esta ciudad una gran Exposición de Productos. Se ha hecho gestiones para la creación de la Bolsa de Productos y también para la creación de recursos para la pavimentación de la ciudad. El Club esta tratando también de lograr mayores comodidades para los mendigos asilados. Además el club es colaborador de la Sociedad Protectora de la Infancia prestando su ayuda pecuniaria para el sostenimiento del Asilo.

### *Homenaje a España*

Cumpliendo el sexto objeto de Rotary, el Rotary Club de San Antonio, Chile, celebró en Octubre pasado una sesión en homenaje a España. Fué una de las reuniones más concurridas y alegres del año, asistiendo como huéspedes de honor seis españoles residentes.

Después de varios discursos sobre España siguió una charla de camaradería y fraternidad entre los asistentes.

### *Magníficas Sesiones Inter-Clubs en Cuba*

La Carta Mensual del Gobernador del Distrito nos informa que los últimos meses a pesar de haber resultado lluviosos y aciclonados, fueron pródigos en magníficas sesiones inter-clubs. Se han efectuado tres hermosísimas. Una en Bayamo por los Clubs de Santiago de Cuba, Guantánamo, Manzanillo, Holguín, Camaguey y Santa Cruz del Sur. Otra en Cienfuegos, a la que concurrieron Rotarios de La Habana, Guines, Matanzas, Cárdenas, Sancti Spiritus y Santa Clara. También se efectuó otra

interesante aunque más modesta entre los clubs de Santa Clara como visitada y Sagua la Grande como invitado.

Estos actos merecen los elogios y felicitaciones de todos los Rotary Clubs mundiales, pues estas reuniones inter-clubs servirán en alto grado para iniciar relaciones amistosas y hacer más expreso el acercamiento.

### *Tampico Celebró Con Éxito Su Séptima Función Anual De Beneficiencia*

La Séptima Función Anual que el Rotary Club de Tampico, México, celebró en Noviembre pasado ha tenido la misma entusiasta acogida por la sociedad que las anteriores, y también fué un gran acontecimiento artístico. De este modo el Rotary Club de Tampico ha podido crear en beneficio de la colectividad; el Parque Atlético del Chairel; el Parque Infantil de la Colonia Guadalupe Victoria, celebrar las distintas Semaras del Niño, proporcionar instrucción técnica al personal de bomberos, fundador del cuerpo que actualmente existe, y muy particularmente ha podido sostener la Institución de Beneficiencia "Asilo Fray Andrés de Olmos" en el que se albergan niños en la orfandad. A este último Asilo destinaron los fondos proporcionados por esta última función. El contacto que se establece entre los elementos de la Sociedad y los Rotary Clubs en estas funciones anuales que se celebran, establecen más estrechos vínculos de amistad, y el producto que por esas funciones se obtiene, da oportunidad para la realización de esas obras materiales.

### *Ciudad Juarez Celebró Una Lucida Noche De Damas*

Con una asistencia de 150 Rotarios de Ciudad Juarez, México y de El Paso, Texas, juntamente con sus familiares, el Rotary Club de Ciudad Juarez

celebró una muy brillante Noche de Damas. La concurrencia por demás selecta, daba en aquel momento el espectáculo más simpático de cultura y buen gusto y se puede asegurar que los Rotarios Mexicanos y Americanos, todos en alegre camaradería, se unieron así en una gran familia internacional, heraldos de paz y de concordia, llevando con esto a los dos pueblos vecinos, el fin preconcebido de hermandad y entendimiento que debe de existir entre unos y otros.

### *Construcción De Una Escuela Gratuita*

El Colegio de Hijas de Santa Ana, Bolivia, se dirigió al Rotary Club de La Paz, Bolivia, solicitando su ayuda para la construcción de la escuela gratuita que se propone llevar a cabo a fin de beneficiar a las hijas del pueblo.

El Rotary Club de La Paz ha resuelto apoyar tal iniciativa y se ha dirigido a diferentes empresas para proporcionar el material necesario al Colegio de Hijas.

El Presidente del Rotary Club de La Paz, Bolivia, Sr. Don Juan Muñoz Reyes acaba de recibir la siguiente carta de la Directora del Colegio "Hijas de Santa Ana."

Señor:

La siguiente tiene por objeto manifestarle mi más profundo agradecimiento por su generosa colaboración, con ella se dará comienzo a la construcción de la escuela que albergará en sus aulas a innumerable niñas pobres, las que no sólo reciban instrucción, sino nutriran su espíritu de sanas y santas enseñanzas, las que harán de ellas perfectas cristianas y ejemplares madres de familia.

Que el Señor Renumerador Eterno recompense con creces su gran caridad. Renovando mis más distinguidas consideraciones, me suscribo de Ud. atta y S. S.

Sor Anselma Viola.

## **"El Rotario"**

**S**I es tu norma de vida ser honrado  
Y tienes un carácter justiciero  
Y eres siempre perfecto caballero  
De las cosas de honor bien enterado;

Si eres patriota desinteresado  
Sin hacer nunca alarde patriotero,  
Y luchas con empeño tesorero  
Para ver a tu pueblo mejorado

Y es tu modo de ser independiente,  
Y tienes corazón humanitario  
Jamás ante el dolor indiferente;

Sin obrar por impulso temerario,  
Puedes alzar con altivez la frente  
Y decir con orgullo: "SOY ROTARIO"!

—SALVADOR RAMOS M.



# One Man in a Crowd

*A new viewpoint on—what is success?*

By BENNETT SCOTT

■ ■ ■

**T**HERE is a thing that has exercised my mind for a long time. I will put it as compactly as I can. I am a student of human nature. I study—it is quite an instinctive operation in me, and I claim no credit for it—*everybody* I meet. Man, woman or child, "rich man, beggarman, thief" (in the words of the old game we used to play at school) I just simply cannot help my mind from probing the stuff that is in them and putting them into my permanent gallery of memories. I have to have a portrait there, sharp and distinct, or I cannot rest. An *appraisal*, rather than a portrait; that is to say, recollection of the face and form may in course of time fade, and often does, but an estimation of what I feel to be the true personality, the inner actual character of the individual, remains vivid, an abiding reality.

Now this is what happened for many years, as a result. I have been mightily mystified by a puzzle which certain types of people have given me. How shall I make it clear? This way. People who have not done anything, or got anywhere, in particular, but who surely, one feels, *ought*. You, too, have met scores of them. Chance encounters and conversations, with people in the humblest walks of life. The man who carries your luggage or drives your car, who keeps your garden trim, perhaps even one from whom you buy your paper at the street corner. Something is said, and you are astonished by getting a peep at the fundamental *quality* of the man.

His ideas may come out in rough and crude form, but unmistakably you sense that here is one who has "got it right," who habitually cuts through befogging irrelevancies and goes by a natural inherent simplicity direct to the core. I have many a time met such a man, pursuing some humble calling or other, whom I have known full well is in his essence one of the world's *superior* men. Accident of birth, pressure of circumstances? Accident of birth is nothing, in these days. A man may now, if he has the requisite powers, and if he wishes, rise to the top no matter where he begins. Pressure of circumstances *may* sometimes be an explanation of why such a man may continue all his life in a subordinate position. Obscure but very real causes can prevent your rising. Fate *does*, frequently, deal

■ ■ ■

**A** BRITISH Rotarian writes frankly of what he refers to as "certain types of people who lack the go-getting impulse." He meets up with a Welsh miner who confesses that he is satisfied to be just a—miner. All of which raises again the oft-recurring question of what constitutes success. Wealth? Power and influence? Good health? or Happiness? Can there be success without the latter? Opinions vary. Read what Mr. Scott has to say and then check with your own experience.

■ ■ ■

out cruel blows which make the very best human material ineffective and impotent. For example, only last week I was talking with a man who runs a pathetically small store. I had been in his store a number of times, but hitherto had just passed the time of day with him, but for some reason on this occasion we became mutually communicative and confidential. The story of sheer bad luck dogging his footsteps for years that that man haltingly told me was almost unbelievable. He did not tell it in a complaining, embittered spirit.

He gave me the bald facts. Largely domestic misfortune of the most devastating kind; the totally unforeseen contingency of his wife, a vigorous, hearty country girl when he married her, developing a rare disease and becoming a chronic helpless invalid; the heavy drain upon his financial resources and the destruction of much of his own pep as a business man which inevitably followed: then, a fine young man as a son, keen and able, giving every promise of becoming a tower of strength to the father—killed outright, a few months before attaining his majority, in a street accident. I do not wish to harrow your feelings: that was very far from being the whole story. This is an actual case. It is not a unique or even a very uncommon case. We stand silent, and feel awed, in the presence of those of our fellow-men who, by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, have been chosen as the victims of such calamities.

We do not know why it should be so that many good men should thus be afflicted. What we *do* know is that we must not be too facile, if we are successful, in saying that it is open to others to do what we have done ourselves. Such opportunities as we have fortunately enjoyed and are enjoying are *not* open to many others. Let us realise that by the grace of God circumstances have not been too strong for us, and be grateful for it.

## *Assessing Right Values*

**B**UT I am leaving this idea. I want to take what, happily, is more the rule than the exception. That is, I am talking of those who have not had any special tribulations thrust upon them, much out of the common lot, and who, although plainly they are people of good human quality, do not rise beyond a certain station in life. Now this is how I have come to figure it out. Beyond question, those whom I say I have met and studied have had that prime ingredient *vitality*. In other words, life in them seems to me to be real and full life, not what we find in the mere idler and slacker—only a sort of half-life.

But there is a difference between Vitality and Energy. It seems to me that while they have the former, they lack the latter. To become successful in any sphere one must have vitality, *plus* energy. Energy enables one to do strongly and to keep doing. These people one meets whom one has to admit are fundamentally of the right stuff realise instinctively (I think) that they could not stay the course. Some of them, I am very sure, are potentially big men. They are *based* aright. But the big world does not hear about their potential bigness.....except when, every now and then, we receive palpable evidence of the high nobility and worthiness of some obscure life, its immense patience and courage (as in the case of that small storekeeper) under adversity, its heroism and self-forgetfulness. One who has his values right knows that this is real bigness.

I am philosophising in this way with a definite object in view. Not long ago I met a most interesting and intelligent man and we had a conversation together lasting some hours. We were thrown

into one another's company by accident, and began almost at once to launch out into sound talk; I forget what started it. Very soon we were discussing all manner of subjects, politics and economics, and—yes, then on to art and religion. I let myself go all the way, to the very best and frankest that was in me, and so did he. Sometimes you do that with strangers—a contact in a thousand. It was truly one of the most enjoyable experiences I have had for years. This man was—outwardly—just one in a crowd. He wore soiled clothes and a cheap tweed cap. He "Sir'd" me at first until we forgot the world and shaped up to one another as human beings. It turned out that he was a Welsh miner.

### *The Miner's Viewpoint*

THIS encounter took place in London, England. He was an out-of-work miner and had been sent to the Metropolis under the British government's settlement scheme, by which, through the long-existing distress in the coalfields, an attempt is being made gradually to place a percentage of the unemployed in other industries. He had been given a job as a plasterer, and was now working at it, living in an apartment house in the suburbs and sending his wages to his wife in Brecknockshire. As to his own occupation, I found that he had much more than a grasp of the point of view of the average workman.

He showed he understood the organising and selling side, and that the fact that the employer might have his difficulties was not unknown to him. The thought that kept recurring at the back of my head all the while was—now here is a man, as good in his essence as scores of successful leaders I have met. I angled to see whether he had ambitions that way. I could not find any. His greatest desire seemed to be to get back and take up his old life again among his fellow-workers in the mining area. I saw no reason to suppose that he would not be contented all his days to be a coal-getter. I do not think he would ever go out even for trade-union leadership. What is the quality such men lack? Vitality was there—if I know what the word means. But that constructive energy decidedly was not, that passion to wield power over circumstances, to build and organise, to reach the very proper feeling that a worth-

while thing has been attempted, and some success attained. Lesser men than my friend the miner cut creditable figures in the world; many lesser men, in my judgment, are celebrities. Charles Darwin, the great naturalist has said: "Men differ less in their capacities than in their zeal and determination." Very strongly I felt at this contact that was so. Why the difference? I could only fall back upon my theory that some men can *implement* themselves, others cannot. One man sees clearly, and he can act: knowing he can act stimulates his zeal: he becomes one of the successes, the successes we want. Another sees just as clearly, but Nature right deep down tells him that it is hopeless for him to attempt to *apply* himself. Thus you meet intelligence in obscure places, people whom you often have to admit are your natural equals, if not your superiors in all except action, but who yet run your errands and serve you at other menial tasks. A queer world indeed!

One word more about my miner friend before I pigeon-hole him as an experience I would not have missed. Towards the end of our talk I mentioned Rotary. I thought it not amiss with such a man to draw attention to the broad vein of idealism that is manifesting itself throughout the world to-day in business life. After a while he said: "—but don't you think, some *smugness*?" I hate the word and more than once have been discomfited by innuendoes that its use is justified in this connection.

"When you have established yourself, when everything is comparatively plain sailing, when you have made your position and your pile" (these are my words, but the right rendering of his idea) "how easy to say: 'These are my principles, now, aren't they admirable!' But is business as a whole run on these principles? Prove to me that it is and that the whole thing is not, at bottom, a sham!" This—I hope I did the case full justice—summarises what I at once said in standing up for Rotary. First I told him:—"I should be dishonest if I asked you to believe that I think 'business as a whole' is run on those principles. There is still, to one's shame, a great deal of the devil-take-the-hindmost spirit in business, still a lot of 'the end—my success—is going to justify any means.' But, the genuine Rotarian, the only man we have time for"—I held absolutely to this—"is a man with a con-

viction. He does not come along with that conviction *after* he has made himself secure in the world. He believes in his code of ethics not as something merely altruistic, a pretty idea that you can toy with to amuse yourself when you have got outside the worst of the heat of the fray, but as a practical brass-tacks working code. He does not humbug and gush: I am quite willing for you to put it on this ground, if you like—a case of cent per cent. The true Rotarian says: 'I believe it to be in the very nature of things that you sow what you reap.'

### *Was It Worth-While?*

ONLY the square deal begets the square deal—and I am as keen to get that as the next man. Therefore it is in my interest and your interest that this code should be universal. Say that one with whom I do business does not get the right treatment from me; his perhaps half-realised desire for reprisals will make him want to hit out at the world in that spirit. Sooner or later the repercussion of his resentment will be felt by, and will be injurious to, me. Then, nothing could be more practical than this Rotarian idea, sounder commonsense. If my neighbor is down in any way, *I cannot be up*.' "Cut out insincerity," I urged him, finally. "No movement, or order of society, can be entirely free from it. There are always the husks, which you have to shed. Sincerity, you may be sure, equal to the best that you and I are aware is in our personal selves, lies at the root of Rotary."

I am happy to believe that my point of view prevailed, for I feel that he respected me as a man and that he saw that one who loathed shams as much as he did would never stand for anything that he had not thoroughly gone into and was perfectly sure was no sham.

"Was it worth it—this trying to convince an out-of-work miner?"—does someone ask? Sure! Every intelligent person is inevitably a propagandist. You cannot express an honest opinion on any subject without influencing someone. My faith is that the thing which is right *must* in the end be recognised as right—that is how the human mind is constituted. My friend will talk to his kind as I am now talking to mine, and that is how the ideas with which we are gradually building up a better world are disseminated.

***It's a good thing to have money and the things that money can buy, but it is also a good thing to be able to look back and discover that you haven't lost some of the things that money can't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.***



# "Who Is That Fellow Who Speaks So Well?"

"That's Jim Harvey, a cost clerk in my department."

"Well, he seems to have ideas—and knows how to put them over."

"I never gave him credit for much ability. He was always the human clam type. But something's happened to change him recently."

"That reorganization plan of his sounds good to me. Notify all department heads to come to my conference room, and send Harvey in, too."

THE Jim Harvey who walked into the conference room was almost a stranger to his department manager. Was this the quiet, bashful fellow who had been buried in a minor job for two years in his department? He shook hands with \$10,000-a-year men in cool equality. He seemed not the least bit awed by the president's brusque command to start talking.

And then he began to speak. Not a foot shuffled—not a throat coughed—as his dominating voice rang out and held that group spellbound. Without a note or a diagram to aid him, he outlined the branch warehouse idea that would speed up production and cut sales cost twenty per cent. Before he was half through, he knew it had gone over big. And he finished to the echo of a burst of applause and a unanimous grasping of his hand, as the department heads filed out of the room. The last man to reach him was his department boss, who drew him into a corner.

"Say, young fellow," he commanded in mock indignation. "What do you mean by burying yourself under my nose for two years? And what have you been doing that's changed you so much?"

Harvey smiled. "I have discovered a plan so remarkably simple that any man should become a powerful speaker and a straight line thinker in a very short time if he will simply apply himself to this method for twenty minutes a day at home, as I did."

"Well, it certainly must be a remarkable method. A few months ago you were the most timid, self-conscious man I've ever seen. Why, they've made a new man out of you. Believe me, I want you to give me the full details of the method. I've got to make a

speech at the Chamber of Commerce soon. And I am far from a finished speaker.

"Oh, by the way, Harvey," as he turned to leave. "The president wants to see you first thing in the morning. I think he's got some good news for you."

\* \* \*

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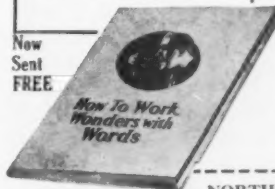
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# The Luncheon Habit

*"Custom does not stale its Infinite Variety"*

By EDWARD J. NELL

A NURSEMAID on her day off was strolling through the Australian Exhibit at the London Fair. Her visit was impelled by the glowing accounts of the country she had received from a recently emigrated nephew. Her inspection was idle and cursory as she passed from one exhibit to the next, until a sign on the cage of the kangaroos stopped her dead in her tracks. She read "native of Australia" on the sign and could not repress a scream. "Good Heavens," she cried, "Geoffrey has just married one of those things."

We can forgive the good woman her leap to conclusions. There are many of us who have never met an Australian and who do not know how they may look. But, perhaps, most of us would withhold judgment on such fragmentary evidence. We would be more generous and await more conclusive proof.

The story shows that one half of the world does not know *who* or *what* the other half may be. And it was left to a Rotary club recently to show that they do not know *how* the other half *lives*. The Secretary of a Rotary club in Australia received a request from a distant club for information on the country—with the request that it be given in English, if possible.

Only definite knowledge of the modes, manners, and customs of other people can help one avoid making such ludicrous mistakes as these. In the past it hasn't always been easy to find out how the other fellow lives. It can be done easily, even casually today, and Rotary is doing its part in developing international acquaintance.

With the spread of Rotary around the world light is being shed on many of the little-known customs of all countries. The habits of one nation are being contrasted with those of another. They are made prominent through the endeavors of clubs in all lands, in spite of differing climatic and social conditions, to observe the standard formula of club routine. The weekly luncheon is one case in point. The efforts of certain clubs to hold a weekly midday luncheon, contrary to local custom, reveals a wide divergence in even such a minor matter as the noon meal. Social habits, national psychology, and climate all conspire to create differences in luncheon customs.

The lunch itself is a minor matter. If a man should miss his luncheon no

THE weekly luncheon is the hub around which Rotary revolves. It is both a convenience and an institution. Men of all nations, creeds, and customs break bread at Rotary's table. But they do not all do so in the same way for their habits and customs are not the same. The weekly luncheon in Bombay may be altogether different from the one in Berlin; in fact, it may not be a luncheon, but an evening dinner at nine o'clock!

great tragedy occurs. Indeed, the absence of the food may even be a blessing to his system. But the rite of going to lunch is important. It is an event in the lives of people in many countries. Not without meaning is the phrase, "the custom of the country." The man of wide experience bows in acquiescence before such a mandate.

The national habit in the United States is to make luncheon a casual affair. Few, even in medium-size cities, think of going home to lunch. The universal presence of "one-arm" lunchrooms testifies to the national custom. The cause for this custom, no doubt, is the proverbial lack of time of the American business man. Rotary's weekly luncheon came to him more as a relief than an interference. It offered a real diversion and gave him something to which to look forward.

## A Family Rite

HOW different is the situation in France! Hallowed by antiquity is the French custom of closing the shutters at noon and going home to lunch. The noon meal, as much as any other, is a family rite in France. The devoted husband and father permits nothing to come between him and this family custom. Nothing, perhaps, except Rotary, which he attends faithfully once a week. But the Frenchman must violate the habits of a lifetime to attend a midday Rotary luncheon. Sometimes he compromises by attending two meetings a month at noon, and two meetings in the evenings.

But with France and many other countries, it is only family customs that rule the habits of business men. There is also the creator of many of these customs to consider—the sun. The sun is a formidable foe of Rotary. It does

not graciously permit men to lunch together rotarily in the summer season in many lands. In sun-scorched lands man is forced to outwit the heat-laden rays. The siesta is his refuge. Business closes down completely during the hottest part of the day. With fans and cooling drinks the business man retires to a shady corner of his home to contemplate less-exhausting subjects than those related to pecuniary profit.

India is one such land. The winter weather of India resembles the balmy winter seasons of Florida or California in the United States. Little imagination is needed, therefore to picture the sweltering heat of its summers. The climate even forces the government to migrate. It is the only country in the world with two capitals. Delhi is the winter capital. The summer capital is at Simla. Summer comes in March. The heat increases until June when the monsoon comes with its rains to make life more bearable.

May is considered the worst month of the year. October is a close second. Heavy rains and humid air make this month unpleasant. The air is as saturated with sticky moisture as a modern apartment would be with the steam turned on in summer. How does the Rotarian fare in this sun-conscious land? His path is beset with tribulation. As the temperature rises his spirits wilt, but be it said to his credit, he carries on. He frequently weakens and often compromises, but the weekly meetings are triumphantly held—by an effort difficult to conceive being made by any less hardy spirits.

Long did the Pharaohs rule Egypt. Their rule was ruthless, absolute, sublime. Yet their dynasty has vanished with the transience of all human measures. But the dominion of the sun in Egypt is eternal. Its rule is complete, enveloping, and devastating. Rotary persists throughout the hot-weather months. Members meet at some favorite outdoor resort. By such a strategem does Rotary fellowship flourish on the banks of the Nile.

Greece takes refuge from the sun in the siesta. At one o'clock the city goes home for lunch. And to hide from the sun. Late in the afternoon business bestirs itself again. Grecian business men were eager for Rotary. They hesitated for fear the sun would smite their ardor. Learning that Rotarians in India, Italy, and Spain successfully

(Continued on page 50)

## War Origins and the War Mind

(Continued from page 41)

row, these minds would take certain actions of just the same kind as on the eve of the World War.

The only cure for the war-mind is the peace-mind; the only cure for war is peace. Had Rotary flourished in 1914 as it does in 1930; had its leaders in the various countries been united in thought and method; then I would say that something like this *might* have happened. To prevent war breaking out after Serajevo, there was need for somebody or some group in some country to force some leading person to step forward and cry "Halt."

In 1914, if there were such a person, he did not come forward and cry "Halt." Had there been such a movement as Rotary, established then as it is now, in one or other of the countries, a Rotarian contact might have been made such as would have energised some man to take the lead before it was too late—it might have been an Emperor, a King, a President, a Premier, the Pope, or a spokesman of world-business. The world awaited the speaking of that little word "Halt!" but nobody spoke it. On the other hand below-surface events moved rapidly.

The days that preceded the war were days of ease, pleasure, prosperity. Threat of the coming war had been made by many a sensational writer, but because the warnings were sensational, fantastic, and flesh-creeping, the public paid little heed to them.

Still less did anybody believe in the possibility of such things as poison-gas and liquid-flame. Some sceptics, of the type of Mr. Norman Angell, foretold that so appalling would be the financial chaos of a world-war that common sense would prevent its outbreak. People read Mr. Angell's "Great Illusion" and thought he was probably so right, that nobody need trouble about war. Common sense *would* prevent it—but unfortunately, like everything else, common sense needs to be organised.

The world suffered from "scepticitis." It had heard the shepherd boy calling "Wolf" so long that it paid no heed to him. We believed that the interlocking of dynastic relations, political ententes and counter-ententes and alliances, trade agreements, and such like, would prevent the catastrophe. My club friends were of the prevailing sceptical type—alas, most of them paid for their scepticism by gallantly sacrificing their lives in service. Each of them advised, in some way or another, some department or political leader. The prevailing attitude was to treat politics as a game to be played according to the rules rather than by the method of what we Rotarians would call Service.

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(Continued from page 48)

matched their wits against the sun, they, too, entered the lists against the offending planet in the heavens.

The struggle of Rotarians in hot-weather countries against the sway of the sun is hampered by another custom. The evening meal in these lands is considered a relaxation. It is a care-free, joyous occasion. Speechmaking, debates, and business topics are taboo. Rotarians are caught on the horns of a dilemma. Midday meetings may be all but impossible and evening meetings are proscribed. Hence, the necessity for their ingenious compromises.

Climate is responsible for many national customs. Not all, however. Psychology also makes its contribution. There is the difference in social sense. Racial characteristics and inclinations influence the manner and form of the luncheon-meeting.

There is a singular custom in vogue in German clubs. Visitors consider the custom unique and characteristic. Of course, to the Germans it seems a natural and comfortable habit. Rotarians from other countries are warmly welcomed to meetings in German clubs. If they do not speak German they are seated with members of the club who speak their language. Conversation is animated during the meal. After the dishes are removed and cigars lit, the talk continues and the visitors expect momentarily to hear an address or informal talk. To their amazement, the

meeting finally adjourns without this feature so familiar at the meetings of Rotary clubs in England and the United States.

It isn't easy to catch Paul Harris by surprise in a Rotary meeting. The Germans succeeded where all others failed. The founder of Rotary thought he had experienced every possible kind of Rotary meeting in his peregrinations around the world. Perhaps a startled note may still be detected in his comment on his experience. Writing of his visit to the German clubs, Paul says—

"Neither in Cologne nor in Hamburg was I called upon to speak as had been the practice elsewhere. The natural result was that I did not speak until it had become manifest in other ways that I was expected to do so. By various signs and exclamations Commissioner Thomsen indicated that it would be in order for me to seize the gavel and make a brief address. I could not, however, readily overcome by reluctance in becoming my own announcer until it became apparent that it must be then or never. Whereupon I arose and am quite certain said just the wrong thing. Was it that the German Rotarians were averse to hearing speeches? I am satisfied that it was not. Their omission was due to a difference in custom, and to an innate delicacy which prevented them from calling upon me to do something which I possibly might not be in a humor to do."

The same custom has been remarked upon facetiously by another Rotarian. Speaking of the regular meetings of European clubs (when no distinguished visitors are present) he says, "Rotarians who have travelled in Europe (not the British Isles) will recall that the familiar luncheon address is by no means a feature as elsewhere. If, however, anybody is so odd as to want to make one, then he gets the attention of polite curiosity. This does not mean any lack of conversation."

While the observation is made jocularly, it marks a distinction in custom of which Rotarians of other climes and countries should be keenly aware.

The weekly luncheon of Rotary was first suggested as a desirable substitute for the first few meetings which were held in hotel bedrooms and the offices of members. It has grown into an institution. And like most institutions it must adapt itself to its immediate environment. Rotarians in Bombay face a different set of conditions than Rotarians in Berlin. For each to attain the same end they must proceed in a different manner. They must follow the custom of their country.

After all, the purpose of custom and habit is to make our lives simpler and our environment more comfortable. Customs in one land differ from those in another, but they serve the same purpose. They deserve respect. And respect increases with understanding.

## THE TOKEN

**I**F you would be my friend, one thing I ask—

For depth of friendship often holds a task  
Not easy in the doing. Closely scanned,  
A friend is very hard to understand.  
Then where the brink of understanding falls  
And will is baffled by the sheer, cold walls  
Of deep, abysmal doubt,—one tie will span  
The chasm and hold the bond of man to man:

It is a faith that never questions aught;  
An all-abiding loyalty of thought;  
Unfalt'ring trust, full measurement of pride  
That lays all futile questioning aside,  
Taking its own and giving of the best,—  
And leaving faith to answer for the rest.  
The depth of friendship holds no richer fee:  
If you would be my friend,—share faith with me

—DELMER COOPER





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## Rotary's Silver Anniversary Convention



Chicago Stadium—Convention Hall

Six hundred Chicago Rotarians are preparing to welcome you, entertain you, help you to celebrate 25 years of Rotary's growth.

Paul Harris, the Founder of Rotary, will deliver, in person, his message to the convention for the first time in many years.

International Service, the theme of Rotary for 1929-30, will be the subject of addresses by men of international prominence. A review of the first quarter century of Rotary by one of Rotary's best known leaders will give you an inspiring vision of Rotary's remarkable progress and future possibilities.

Those of your own vocation from all over the world will gather in a special assembly to discuss the application of Rotary principles in business—there will be one hundred of these craft assemblies. An entire day will be devoted to the discussion of Rotary legislation and resolutions.

The Founder and a handful of his friends launched the first Rotary club. There will be more than twenty thousand at the Silver Anniversary Convention to mark the progress of Rotary in the first 25 years. Your Rotarian friends from all over the world will be there. You should not miss this memorable occasion.

**CHICAGO** The Birthplace of Rotary June 23-27, 1930

# You and Co.

You may never have thought of yourself in just this way. It may never have occurred to you that in filling many of the needs of your every-day life you have at your command organized guidance and help of the most practical kind.

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*Call on the proved counsel of the advertisements . . . read them regularly!*

## Is Business Becoming Civilized?

(Continued from page 10)

for a client—these are the goals of the professions—but a fair profit is just as professional. A bankrupt injures society no less than a poor doctor, or a poor lawyer. Monuments, I have observed, are not built to any of them.

So, these principles, this code of business ethics, was created, and business men have definitely improved their practices because the road through the twilight zone was charted for them. It must have been in their hearts, or written words on a piece of paper would not have moved them.

We end where we began; that all of us have a reach which exceeds our grasp; and that there is no difference in business transactions and the transactions which involves professional service. We have moved forward in ethical concepts year by year for 2,000 years. There has been an occasional slipping back, but always followed by a surging forward, and the last decade has perhaps seen us, in the United States at least, moving farther toward higher ground than we did in the preceding 40 years.

I quoted a while ago a poet's definition of "Business is Business." I did him an injustice. He did not stop there. He went on to describe the real definition of "Business is Business," and I can

do no better than to conclude with his conclusion: "Business is Business, he said"—

*"A battle to make of earth,  
A place to yield us more wine and bread,  
More pleasure and joy and mirth;  
There are still some bandits and buccaneers*

*Who are jungle-bred beasts of trade,  
But their number dwindles with passing years  
And dead is the code they made!*

"Business is Business," the Big Man said,

*"But it's something that's more, far more;*

*For it makes sweet gardens of deserts dead,*

*And cities it built now roar*

*Where once the deer and the grey wolf ran*

*From the pioneer's swift advance;*

*Business is Magic that toils for man;*

*Business is True Romance.*

*"And those who make it a ruthless fight  
Have only themselves to blame*

*If they feel no whit of the keen delight  
In playing the Bigger Game,*

*The game that calls on the heart and head,*

*The best of man's strength and nerve;*

*'Business is Business,' the Big Man said  
'And that Business is to serve.'"*



Photo: Albert Steiner, St. Moritz

Winter Landscape, St. Moritz, Switzerland.

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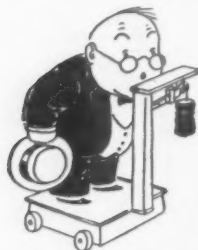
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**A**RE you as particular about the fuel for your body furnace as that for your home or office heating plant? Or do you unrestrictedly indulge your appetite for rich foods and then prevail upon your tailor to design clothes which will conceal that bulging waistline?

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What foods are best for reducing diets, how many calories you get from an average serving of each one, how to prepare and combine these recommended foods into appetizing and varied menus—all this information is contained in "Reducing Diets," appearing in *HYGEIA* for February.

Read it. See how easy it is to check up on your daily calories. You may be surprised!

### **HYGEIA** The Health Magazine

*HYGEIA* is the health magazine published by the American Medical Association. Recognized authorities contribute accurate health information, dispensed in non-scientific terms, just the kind of knowledge which will help safeguard the health of you and your family. In addition to "Reducing Diets," the February issue of *HYGEIA* brings: "Cancer of the Mouth," first of a series on cancer; "Lying Labels—Banned by Food and Drugs Act;" "Prevalence and Treatment of Syphilis;" "How Does Your Child Talk?"; "Something I Ate;" "Health and the School;" editorials, etc. *HYGEIA* has a vital health message for all the family!

### **The HUMAN FACTORY**

"The Human Factory"—a full page color chart recently appearing in *HYGEIA*, dramatically portrays the functions of the human body as a composite machine. An intricate system of pumps, pulleys, engines, switchboards, cameras, filters, furnaces, wheels, etc., carrying on the complex operations of the body. A limited number of these charts are available. As a fitting complement to an introduction to *HYGEIA* one of these prints will be sent with each new subscription at a special introductory rate, 6 months for \$1. *HYGEIA* regularly sells for \$3 a year.

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The Substantial Towers of Europe and walls of Roumeli Hissar erected by Mohamed II in 1456.

## Trailing Along Through Asia

(Continued from page 15)

national dish of the Turks. They take the fat-streaked breasts of mutton and fold them over and over. These are placed upon a skewer about fifteen inches in length, and when the skewer is filled, a piece of fat and a tomato are placed on top and it is hooked on to the spit in front of the grill to cook. The fire being arranged on shelves, it cooks evenly throughout its entire length. When an order is given, the cook with his long, sharp knife slices bits off the sides, and as the lower half of the skewer is the handiest to manipulate, by cutting evenly all around it finally assumes the shape of a great carrot. Of course it was all in tiny bits on the plate when served but it had a wonderful flavor.

### *Strange Sights on Galata Bridge*

**T**HE Galata Bridge, the city's geographical center and one of its busiest points, exacts a toll of ten piastres (5 cents) for motor-cars and half a piastre for pedestrians from all who make use of this famous structure which connects the two most important sections of this most important city. In days gone by, one could stand at either end of this world-famous bridge for the space of one hour, and in the endless stream of humanity, weaving back and forth like a shuttle, see a bewildering kaleidoscope of races, almost every nation on earth being represented. Now, on this *keuprisi* they may still be passing, but with their indistinctive European clothes they cannot be so easily singled out.

One curious and memory-haunting sight one constantly sees there, however, is the *hamel*, that human beast of burden, with his leather-padded triangular

saddle strapped to his back, on which he carries prodigious weights, such as packing-boxes twice as large as himself, big pieces of furniture, machinery, building-stone, large pieces of plate-glass, enormous jute sacks, even pianos, just anything and everything. Woe betide the pedestrian who fails to get out of his way for he plows along in a bee line! I just saved myself one day from being brushed off the sidewalk by the projecting corner of a big wardrobe. Substituting a "c" for the "h" would better describe him, but even the camel would retreat at the sight of some of his loads. Most of these men are permanently bent, as must necessarily be the case, from following this line of work from early boyhood.

On the bridge, too, are other beasts of burden, that patient little beast, of the East, the "ass" of the Bible, each one adorned with his forget-me-not blue necklace of beads to ward off the "Evil Eye," that dread spirit ever on the watch to bring about disaster. The radiator caps of many taxis had their tiny necklaces also. If you observe closely you'll see them everywhere. If they are not visible you may be sure one is concealed somewhere about. In some cases the little necklace makes a nice pocketpiece serving the double purpose.

Old Stamboul, from the wooded and white-domed Seraglio point which juts out into the Bosphorus just where it absorbs the waters of the Golden Horn on one side, and on the seaward side, presenting its ruined old city walls with their towers to the Sea of Marmora, and stretching along the strip of land between the Sea of Marmora and the

Golden Horn with its superb mosques and unsurpassed minarets, breathes the alluring, illusive and mystic spirit of the Arabian Nights. Scheherazade—that matchless teller-of-tales might easily have drawn upon the vermillion lives of the Sultans for her One Thousand and One Tales. To burrow beneath the skin of these fantastic old cities of the East which means of course to enjoy them to the utmost, they must be viewed through these same vivid stories as through a pair of spectacles. In the narrow streets of the native quarters, we were on the constant look-out for Ali Baba—he always seemed just around the corner. The jars were there, not only forty but hundreds of them and the thieves too! We know that because we ran across some of them in the bazaar.

### Changing Constantinople

AFTER having encountered the sights, scents, and sounds of the native quarters of the cities in which Scheherazade places her visionary characters, such as Constantinople, Cairo, Bagdad, and Damascus and being on an eager search for palaces, mosques, and bazaars which would enable us to visualize her entrancing tales, I feel that Constantinople first, Cairo second, and Bagdad a poor last, represent the cities which the dreamy Queen would have loved. For here are the great Seraglios and harems, the dungeons and death traps, the dimly lighted bazaars, the projecting latticed windows through which dark eyes of beauties peered with curiosity and above all, the indescribably beautiful and massive mosques, with heaven-piercing minarets so slender and graceful and pure of color that they seem scarcely the work of man.

Do hasten, however! The Turk of to-day doesn't care for the Arabian nights at all and he most strenuously objects to Scheherazade as a historian. He wants the visitor to note the modern schools, universities, hospitals, and the up-to-date shops; to be impressed by the reforms, the almost over-night introduction of the best of Western methods with their reforms. He does not wish you to think of the Turkey of the Sultans, of the slave girls, of the veiled and shrouded women of the immediate past, of their ancient customs and superstitions, but he can scarcely prevent you from seeing the palaces, the harem quarters, the old streets with the thousands of barred projecting windows, the old bazaars, the ruins of the old city walls and fortifications of which Roumeli Hissar is the most impressive.

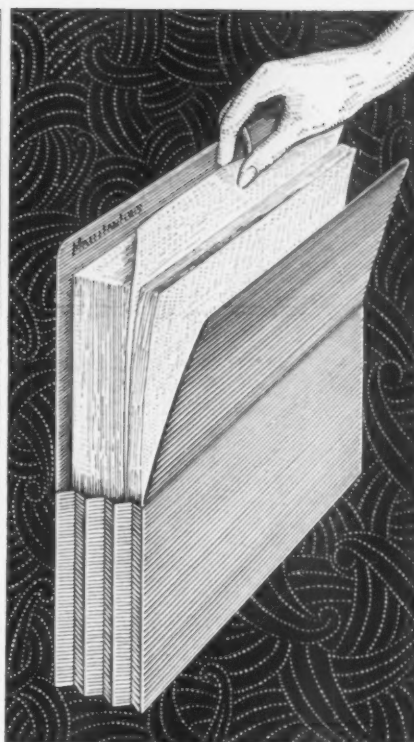
About the only old thing that the modern Turk will point to with pride is the Bosphorus and the beauty of that palace-lined body of water—only a Scheherazade could fittingly describe. Again I say come quickly! Even now, some of the most beautiful of the white marble palaces of the silk-clad pashas and beys of a few short years ago, have been turned into coal and tobacco warehouses. And if you visit these cities that I shall refer to in this and later articles, please, oh, please, should you find some modern comfort lacking, try to find enjoyment as we have, not by continually comparing things with the Western standards of to-day but by seeking out the fast-disappearing traces of a far more fascinating period, the days of picturesque Haroun-al-Raschid.

**Note**—Next month Mrs. Davidson's article will deal with the modern changes that are taking place in Turkey.

—The Editor.



The Mosque of Sultan-Ahmed at Stamboul.



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## **Rotary Around the World**

### **UNITED STATES**

(Continued from page 36)

#### *Learning About Boys— From Boys*

ALBANY, N. Y.—Evidently believing that it is a difficult task for anybody to keep check on what a boy is doing, the local Rotary club is taking inventory of its pet organization, the Boys' Club of Albany, by having the youngsters come before it in groups each week to tell of their activities. The members hope to learn a lot that way—and perhaps the benefit will be mutual. The Boys' Club is supported entirely by the Rotarians.

#### *Circling the Globe*

PHILADELPHIA—Past President Guy Gundaker and his wife, of Philadelphia, sailed recently from New York for a five months' trip which will take them around the world. Past President Gundaker expects to visit Rotary clubs in many countries while on his tour, including some of the new Rotary clubs now being organized in the Far East by Honorary General Commissioner James W. Davidson.

#### *On How to Get Acquainted*

TOLEDO, OHIO—"Say, who's that fellow over there?" will be a needless question if large clubs adopt a "get acquainted" plan suggested by Rotarian Ned Walker here. He wants clubs to have an elevated table at meetings at which perhaps a dozen or more members would sit each week. Above each would be suspended a card bearing his name and classification for all the others to see and learn. Thus, he says, there soon would be no need for someone to nudge his neighbor and whisper, "Say, who's that fellow over there?"

#### *Aviation Outshines Dad's Job*

MANGUM, OKLA.—The youth who used to want to grow up to be a fireman or railroad engineer is passing. Now he wants to be an aviator. Members of the Rotary club here discovered that recently when they organized a club for Mangum boys between five and twelve years of age and offered them rudimentary instructions in the life work they hoped to follow. And most of them signed up for aviation! Second choice in virtually all cases was dad's profession.

The club is a stepping-stone to the Boy Scouts, as it trains the youngsters, under Eagle Scouts, until they are old enough for the Boy Scouts. They hold a monthly outing which they cannot attend unless they earn ten to twenty-five cents for expenses. Their organization is called the Rota Club. Through it the Rotarians hope to get the youngsters early and teach them how to become worthy citizens.



## Some Parents I Have Known

(Continued from page 21)

told me a lie in his life." I wonder about that!

Now I was really a very truthful little boy when I was young, as you who are reading this no doubt were, but there were times you may recall when exact truth seemed a mistake, when necessity seemed to demand that the truth be handled carefully and with discretion be stretched a little. The number of George Washingtons in my time and yours, I am sure was limited. It is a rare boy who has never edged over the boundaries of truth.

It is example rather than precept that youth follows and parents sometimes forget this fact.

There is the hard parent, too, who has forgotten that he ever did anything wrong in his young life, and who expects his son to be perfect.

Gordon had been dismissed for a short period for drinking at a dance. He was, on the whole, a boy of good habits, but this time he had slipped.

"I can't go home," he said to me. Father will get over it after a while and will perhaps send me back to college next semester, but just now he can't overlook the fact that I have disappointed him."

"Like as a father pitieth his children," the psalmist says, but the sentiment had never sifted through into the elder Gordon's consciousness.

"We have liquor at our house all the time," Jones says to me, "and I don't object to John's having a cocktail occasionally, or a drink or two of whiskey, but I have tried to teach him to drink like a gentleman."

I do not know quite how a gentleman should drink in these prohibition days, but John's method, learned at home, led him into a good deal of excess at times, and finally got him into the hands of the law and landed him ultimately outside of the college gates. Father set the example, and son went him one better.

"When it comes to women," one father said to me, "I tell my son that if he must have illicit relations with women he'd better pay for it," and the boy has taken his father's advice, and he is paying now—paying with disease that will dog his footsteps and harass his body, it may be, as long as he lives. And through him, unfortunately, others as well may have to pay a hideous price. There are some very unwise fathers.

But I have known some very sensible parents. The Martins were among the richest families of a wealthy metropolitan suburb. Whatever they wanted or whatever their boys wanted there was money enough to supply the demand

without sacrifice on the part of anyone. The boys, three of them, were strong, healthy, athletic with wholesome ideas of life which they had learned at home. They were the only rich men's sons, whom I now recall, who had the backbone and who were willing to endure the discipline necessary to make an athletic team, for two of them played on our football team, and the third won his letter in baseball. They belonged to one of the most exclusive fraternities on the campus, but they never high-tailed anybody.

"When our boys came to college," Mrs. Martin said to me once, "we found

out how much it cost the average young fellow with whom they were to associate to live comfortably, and we gave each of the boys a monthly allowance equal to that amount. It was the best training they ever got, for they learned to live as men of ordinary circumstances have to live, and this training has been of the greatest service to them in the business into which they have gone since. We tried to impress upon them the importance of economy, good character, and hard work."

And no one whom I have known in college has shown the effects of such training more than these three young

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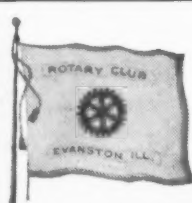
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men have done. It is such as these who will rise up later to call their parents blessed.

I have great respect for Troyer on our football team. I have met his parents. They are wholesome, hard working people of very moderate means. They are much respected in the rural community where they live, for they are God-fearing, they have integrity, they work for the best interests of their community. The boy has been taught to work; he has a strong healthy body, and he is innately a gentleman. He has character; he has shown scholastic excellence; he has physical force, and through his own

efforts he has financed himself through college. With all these things he has won almost every honor that a boy can win in college. I never see him rush onto the field without a thrill of pleasure. How does it come that he developed all these traits? It was through the example and the precepts of his parents; it was the training and the discipline which Troyer got at home which has made him what he is.

What your child and mine is and becomes depends pretty completely upon what we ourselves are and do. It is the parents whom I meet who furnish the explanation of their children's strength and weakness.

## The Oregon Boot on the Service Club

*(Continued from page 12)*

ership of a community or a part of the community in a small organization, mobile, militant, prepared for battle, fearless, and possessed of a practical idealism. In the smaller towns of 1,000 to 5,000 the membership can take in all the leaders and some high privates. And here in the small city, the eligibility by classification through any hard and fast rule, is a detriment most positive. Most of these towns have never seen an International officer, many others no state officer and have never heard one speak on what the club means. New clubs are often left to grope in the dark and find out for themselves what they are for and what it is all about. Show me a club where there are a dozen visitors and 95 per cent of membership attending, and I will show a club that has taken the liberty to get a speaker with a punch and one who does not sell pumps or subscriptions. This liberty and fearlessness in programs will start drones into cognizance of and discomfort over the Oregon boot. Every well-known drone would be given a job and called on to report. The water in the stream properly harnessed will light a city with brilliant incandescence. It will empty the stagnant pools way up the creek.

\* \* \* \*

If the club is contented, and smug, and self-righteous and happy in being so, its charter should be surrendered and its members scatter to restaurants and the home table. There is nothing so deadening as contentment. When I find a man who claims he is contented I know he is either lying or his wife is taking in washings to support the family. Unwashed windows, lack of sanitation, dirty-faced children, and half the poverty and pauperism come from content.

If we had been contented there would have been no invention and no new processes. The things we have been doing from telegraph to light, from rubber shoes to the radio have come from a discontent. To be honestly discontented does not mean to be querulous and carping. It means to build rather than to destroy; it means more beauty, more search and exploration; it means a higher value for the human integer. Without discontent there would have been no children and the human race would have vanished long since. We emerged from the realm of superstition and darkness of thought into the effulgence radiated from the lamp of reason by being discontented. Science, keenly watching for changes in the chemical formula, or for the demonstration of a mechanical force, was not contented. Discontent is that epic of human perseverance in the story of Palissy the Potter, burning the last stick of his furniture to get the glaze on his clay. The heaviest Oregon boot of all is contentment in service-club work.

### The Never-Ending Search

THE mob boos when it little knows why it boos. The critic is no critic without a remedy. I do not believe the clock on the service-club mantel-piece has run down. I do not believe the sun has set on service-club work. There are values so great that no yardstick of materialism can measure them. They are intangible and we, lacking in vocabulary, give them the common term of "spirit of the club." Montaigne tried to express it when he said, "The profit of life is not in the space but rather in the use. Some hath lived long that hath a short life." Then again he said

something that is almost the very fundamental of the service club, "And our genuine libertie hath no production more properly her own than of affection and amity." These friendships and amicable relations in the club are its greatest by-product. They should be hooked up with cable wire, tense and taut.

\* \* \* \*

If the service-club sun does not set, if it is to live, the Oregon boots must be removed, the drones put to work, the knife and fork made to play a symphony of leadership, new and stirring objectives planned internationally to sharpen its wits and perfect its contacts by mail and personally, instill fearlessness and by plain speaking arouse a new understanding of values, without being pedantic, self-satisfied, or contented. This race of life, either in the individual or for the service club rounding out its quarter century, is both a Marathon and a relay. The course may not be finished but faith must be kept. No matter how far or fast one may run, someone else must be ready to take up the message and get on toward Garcia. The real goal dissolves in eternity. The service club will live by making a new highway over which the world may travel in its never-ending search for the Holy Grail.

## The Rotary Wheel

*IT'S a little gold wheel,  
With six little spokes,—  
And some cogs and some letters of blue:  
And this is the symbol you'll wear on  
your coat*

*As a trust that is given to you.*

*The gold is the worth  
Which Fellowship bears,—  
And the wheel is the limit of might,  
Turned by the strength we give to a man  
When he works for the things that are  
right.*

*The six little spokes  
Are the Virtues of Life,—  
And of Truth and of Kindness unfurled,  
Forged in the heart by the Maker of  
Men,  
Giving strength to the rims of the  
world.*

*The little old cogs  
Are the deeds that we do,  
Which mesh with the deeds of a friend:  
And the whirr of the wheel is the Rotary  
song  
Which carries a laugh to the end.*

*So here's to the wheel,  
And the six little spokes:—  
And the cogs and the letters of blue:  
For this is the symbol you'll wear on  
your coat  
As a trust that is given to you.*

—JAMES SAVERY



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and the Magenta monument, a copy of which was by order of the Government placed in the Square of Honor at the International Exposition at Barcelona. Comm. Castiglioni is an honorary member of the Reale Accademia delle Belle Arti and a member of the Commissione Artistica Italiana. The statue was cast at the Stefano Johnson establishment (15, Corso Porta Nuova, Milan, Italy) where orders are accepted. It is for sale at \$25.00, f.o.b. Milan.

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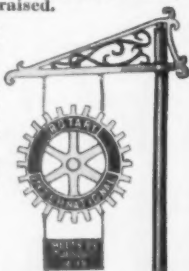
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## Blended Differences

(Continued from page 27)

formalities are often polite refusals to accept the responsibilities and services of more intimate knowledge of life.

Cold dignity may often be the barrier to friendly contact and a subtle unwillingness to become better acquainted.

*Rotary is a world-wide spirit.* No longer can nations live unto themselves. Radio music needs no passport to enter the minds and feelings of men everywhere. All that is needed is sensitive ears and trained and understanding souls.

In our age at most anytime out of the non-national skies may come an aeroplane bearing a friendly adventurous spirit from some formerly vague and falsely interpreted nation. The warmth of the sun is international in its life-creating power. The sun is fixed and the nations revolve around it. One can build walls and keep the sun rays out but he cannot prevent its impartial work once he steps into the glory of its radiation.

The Rotary principles of friendship, understanding, and good-will are the permanent rays of the fixed sun of love.

### Inside the Walls

ONE can build around him the walls of ignorance, prejudice, and arrogance and live in the dark desolation of selfishness, but once he exposes himself to the light and life of love, he wants to take the hand of his brother whatever his nation may be and find the thrill of friendship.

*The Rotary task is real. The Rotary ideal is sane. Rotary methods are simple and practical. Rotary results are international.*

The office workers at Rotary International are prepared to sing all the National hymns of the Rotary world, in all the languages needed therein. It is a thrilling sight to be at a Chicago Rotary meeting in the grand ballroom of the Sherman Hotel on the day when the German and French representatives of the League of Nations speak on the same platform. The great curtain parts and the Rotary International Choir, tuned to the pitch of world-wide peace and good-will sings first the German National air. The Frenchman steps over and shakes hands with the German. Then the well-known stirring notes of the French National anthem is sung and the German steps over and shakes hands with the Frenchman. Then as if by brotherly consent all join in the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner and the heart of a nation which nurses so many different children at her friendly breast throbs with the thrill of love.

Rotary is the non-ecclesiastical effort to grow upward from brute feelings

and methods to the brotherhood of a God who loves all his children.

Rotary is the wide-extending horizontal effort to change the attitudes of men from enmity to friendship.

During the war I was with the soldiers in France. We were drawn back from the active lines, resting for a short while in a little French village. I wore the uniform of the United States Army with the rank of Captain in the Red Cross. I stood by the side of the narrow street. There came along that way a team and wobbly wagon. The horses were old and worn out, no longer fit for front-line duty. The wagon was rickety and uncertain and the wheels did not track. The driver was an old man and by his side on the seat sat an aged priest too feeble and full of years to bear the hardships of trench ministry. Upon the wagon was a rough box; over it was spread a French flag, in the box was a dead French soldier. On each side of the old wagon marched three wounded limping Poilus, too disabled for front-line fighting, but willing to do honor and service to the sacred dead. Behind the wagon walked a lone woman. It was a touching picture. It had its human interest. It radiated a heart appeal.

I took my place behind the woman and walked slowly with them all to the cemetery of the little village. I stood in sincere reverence while the body was lowered into the grave. I listened to the service of the kindly but feeble old priest. He shook hands with me and smiled as did the woman and the Poilus. None of them ever knew that the American officer was a Protestant minister. The sympathy was too real to be spoiled by tags. The love was too deep to be denied by prejudice. The hour was too sacred to be shadowed by suspicion. We were all engaged in a tragic task. We will meet some time where labels are forgotten and only love will indicate the values to be respected.

This is the ideal of Rotary. This is the secret power which drives ever forward on the sea of life, the greatest ship of all time, Fellowship. This is the harmony to blend our now separating differences. This is the surprise in every dawn of new brotherhood. It is the wonder of universal love which captivates the souls of men:

"Love never faileth" reads the book  
And is that true? you say,—  
Have we not seen in lives of men  
Where love has lost its way.

"Love never faileth" this is true  
'Tis wisdom from above  
And when it seems to falsify  
'Tis where men fail to love.

## The Myth of Western Supremacy

(Continued from page 18)

spect and it is significant"—says Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral in the *Morning Post*—"that coincidentally with this, the decay of the native population has been arrested."

Professor Sir Sydney Olivier tells us that this colour prejudice, observable among the Anglo-Saxons of Great Britain and America, is essentially a modern phenomenon, dating largely from the rise of the slave-trade and from the assumption of military supremacy in India. It is nothing but a complex of many reactions of negro-holdings and Asiatic dominion. "Our Anglo-Saxon prejudices are all against the equality of races and latterly we have been reinforcing these prejudices by theories about the fixity and the fundamental importance of physical race characteristics. We want to make believe that mankind is divided into a number of breeds which are unmixed, unmixable, and poles asunder in spiritual endowment. Personally I believe such theories to be unscientific, and I know them to be contrary to historical facts. I am a skeptic about racial affinities and antipathies and believe that spiritual affinities and antipathies (those, for instance, of religion, culture, and language) have been and will continue to be infinitely more powerful. I am not, however, a skeptic in regard to feeling about race. In the present state of the world, in which the various physical stocks have been thrown together and intermingled as they never have been before, I am certain that the 'Anglo-Saxon' attitude leads towards catastrophe."

### The Nordic Boast

**B**UT this prejudice is not reserved only for the so-called coloured races. A most absurd and pernicious theory is at present being propounded, especially in America. This theory teaches that while the white race is biologically superior to all others, the "Nordic" or Anglo-Saxon division of the whites is the acme of its excellencies. Any discussion by the partisans of the "Nordic" theory, of the comparative merits, contribution to culture, greatness of its heroes or of physi-

cal fitness of this or that race invariably ends with the "Nordics" on the credit side of the ledger. These trivial and irrelevant assumptions simply indicate the existing confusion as to what constitutes the individuality of a race and certainly do not make for peace among the peoples forming the white race.

It is demonstrated, on the other hand, that the masses of almost every race are mentally at a par with the masses of every other race as to latent or potential intelligence. After testing primitive intelligence and comparing it with that of all types of white men, no appreciable difference has been found in the average of them, except that the Bushman, the Igorote, the Negritos of the Philippines, and the Pigmies of the Congo are really deficient. All other races contain in a latent state every grade of intellectual capacity, ranging from the imbecile to the genius.

Prof. W. C. Begley, an American author who contributed a leading article to the Educational Review of New York on the "Pro-Nordic Propaganda" objects to the conclusions of "Pro-Nordics," as they leave out of consideration the influence of education and training. He does not deny some racial differences in intelligence-level. He holds that, in the present state of knowledge, invidious distinctions cannot safely be drawn among Nordics, Alpines, and Mediterraneanians in this regard. He maintains, moreover, and proves his contention by the result of the U. S. Army tests, that the level of effective intelligence in any group of whatever race, European, Asiatic, and African, can be substantially raised through education.

This "race pride," just like exaggerated nationalism and patriotism, are often in contradiction with itself and not infrequently they are used as a pretext by interested persons or political parties. I will quote only two examples among many: Prof. Sydney Olivier says that the British War Office test admits Jews into the British Army, but excludes Parsees who are, anthropologically speaking, more closely related to the British as a race than the Jews.

As to the Germans, it is hardly 15

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years ago that every Briton and Amer-  
ican was proud to call them cousins and  
to share with them the prestige of rep-  
resenting the "Great Nordic Teutonic"  
race, as against the so-called "Negroid  
Latins" and the "Round-headed Al-  
pines." But during the Great War they  
suddenly discovered that these Germans  
were Huns and Mongols and this oppor-  
tune discovery enabled them to hate  
their temporary enemies with all the en-  
thusiasm of racial prejudice. They  
recognized Bismarck's Mongol skull and  
jowl on the ancient Chinese vases on  
their sideboards, and on his polished  
scalp they saw in imagination the de-  
generate but imperishable rudiments of  
a pig-tail!

### The East Quotes Darwin

I SAID a moment ago that never be-  
fore had the coloured races denied  
the claim to superiority of the white  
man as they do today. I ascribe this  
seemingly strange fact to the almost  
universal growth of knowledge which  
has been diffused by the white race with  
so marvellous rapidity during the last  
few decades all over the world. For what  
do we see? Darkness is everywhere giv-  
ing way to light. The literary classes of  
Asia and Africa are devouring Spencer,  
Hegel, and Stuart Mill whose works  
were translated and put into their hands  
by Westerners. The mechanical inven-  
tions of the West are being studied and  
applied, whilst the sons of the East  
occupy their leisure in discussing the  
works of our great masters of comedy  
and pathos. This significant growth of  
knowledge necessarily brings in its  
train political and social unrest such as  
we are viewing to-day.

No longer will the coloured man be-  
lieve in the old theories of the diverse  
origin of man, which he condemns as a  
vindication of slavery and domination.  
He quotes Darwin whose books we have  
placed in his hands and on whose creed  
of the common origin of all human  
races he bases his refusal to recognize  
the intrinsic superiority of one race  
over the other. Those who have been  
Christianized quote, on the other hand,  
the creed of Jesus of Nazareth, the  
philosophers of the French Revolution  
and of the American Independence who  
all proclaim the equality of all men.  
They all demand that the antiquated  
ideas of race privileges be shattered  
and that henceforth mankind be gov-  
erned by saner principles. I can see in  
this movement, in this universal awak-  
ening, nothing but phenomena of the  
natural evolution of the human race  
fathered by our own efforts. Rational-  
ism unconsciously spreads its gospel of  
common-sense. It becomes increasingly  
evident even to men of humble status  
that the rigidly conventional manner of

viewing the history of the relations be-  
tween the various nations and races,  
will have to be abandoned.

The spokesmen of the coloured races  
maintain that the present conflict arose  
mainly for the following two reasons:  
firstly, the white man acquired his  
mastery over most of the coloured races  
of the world by the doubtful right of  
conquest, and secondly, the white man  
now begins to deny the right of alien  
races to enter his own land and compete  
with him and also to migrate freely to  
other lands formerly seized and colo-  
nized by him.

For some time past, philosophers of  
history have recognized that the prime  
cause of future upheavals among na-  
tions and races will be the pressure of  
expanding populations with its problems  
of immigrations and of supply of food  
and raw materials. The League of  
Nations has recently discussed these  
questions with a view to removing the  
causes of friction. The fact confronting  
us is that over 800 millions of Chinese,  
Indians, and Japanese, cannot, until  
their countries are thoroughly indus-  
trialized, find the means of livelihood  
within their borders for much longer  
and they must expand. What is to be  
done with them? To say that this is  
none of our business offers no acceptable  
solution of the problem. Australia, the  
United States, and Canada fear this ex-  
pansion and close their doors to it for  
reasons which may be readily recog-  
nized as quite plausible by anyone who  
studies their case. The promiscuous in-  
termingling of certain races is obviously  
inadvisable until the masses have  
reached a standard of living somewhat  
approaching those of the countries  
peacefully invaded. But what about the  
immense still uninhabited regions of the  
world where nature clamours aloud for  
the regulating hand of man and which  
cannot possibly be populated by the  
white race alone?

Pessimists who talk about the over-  
population of the earth should seek  
consolation from the philosophy of sta-  
tistics. The world's total population is  
at present about 1,800 millions, and  
there seems to be little doubt that it is  
quite capable of supporting 8,000 mil-  
lions souls, without taking into account  
the new discoveries in agriculture which  
will certainly raise the quantity of food  
obtainable from the soil. The excellent  
arable land of Northwest Canada, for  
instance, extends for 500 miles north of  
Edmonton, making a total area of 255  
million acres available for cultivation.  
It is calculated that this vast expanse  
could produce at least 1,600 million  
bushels of wheat, a yield equal to half  
the present total production of the  
world. Similarly, Argentine to-day has  
only 10 per cent of her 250 million acres  
of arable land under cultivation and



Siberia not more than 3 per cent. It has been calculated (Putman Weale—The Conflict of Colour) that Canada, Argentine, and Siberia together could grow enough grain to support a white population of thousands of millions. On the other hand, the chain of islands lying between Australia and Asia, including Celebes, Sumatra, New Guinea, and Borneo, covering an area equal to half Europe with a population of about 45 million souls, could easily nourish an additional 150 millions of peoples of other races. In North Manchuria alone there are about 45 millions of acres of undeveloped lands.

### Breathing Room for All

**I** REFRAIN from tiring you with elaborate statistics, but let us see the comparative density of populations of the various parts of the world and we will be reassured that there is plenty of breathing room for our children and children's children. The figures I quote are 20 years old, more recent ones not having been at hand while I was writing, nevertheless they may serve our purpose.

The density of population in European countries varies from 589 souls per square mile in Belgium to 97 in Spain. The most peopled part of America is the United States (excluding Alaska) with about 28 persons to the square mile, Mexico having 18, Brazil and Argentine six, and Canada two only. On the Asiatic Continent we have Japan with 340, China with about 300, India with 215 inhabitants per square mile, while Persia, Siam, and Afghanistan have only from 16 to 35. Australia has less than two persons, New Zealand 10, Sumatra 25, and Borneo six only per square mile. In Africa Algeria has 28, Cape Colony nine, Transvaal 10, and Congo 15 per square mile.

There are immense empty spaces in Siberia, Brazil, and Argentine, Canada, Australia, Mongolia, and Manchuria, which could support together twice or even thrice the entire present population of the globe. That ought to be more than enough to reassure any scare-monger. But there is more consolation for pessimists: the exceedingly fertile soil of the island of Barbados nourishes at present a population of over 1,200 persons per square mile and there must be many—though not extensive—other places here and there on this Earth capable of such prodigious fertility. Overpopulation is a bugaboo which fails to convince any intelligent person. It requires, moreover, to be defined more clearly than it is at present, for the savage, hunting for his living, wants more square miles than the civilized man needs acres, and it is obvious that an industrial nation can live and prosper in

a land that produces little or no food at all—vide Belgium and England.

The immediate problem, therefore, is not one of over-population but of redistributing the population of the world under the guidance of conciliation and common-sense. Although the white man is to-day only half as numerous as the coloured man, he is settled on a gross area of land more than twice as large as that owned by his poorer coloured brother and unless there is a total reversal of certain well-accepted principles, it is impossible to see how any permanent solution can be reached. We cannot hold most uninhabited continents on the plea of a race privilege which has ceased to be accepted except by ourselves, for such a policy suggests no possible solution except inter-racial war.

Thanks to the wonderful modern means of communications, oceans, mountains, and boundary lines are no longer obstacles impeding the free and friendly intercourse between nations and races, but ignorance, jealousy, selfishness, prejudice, and misunderstanding are the causes that militate against the peaceful adjustment of international affairs. Just as long as these spiritual barriers are allowed to remain, no League of Nations or other institution will ever be able to serve a permanently useful purpose in the cause of peace.

Such prejudice should be, it seems to me, repugnant to intelligent people. The enemy of to-day may be the ally of tomorrow and changes worked by our politicians occur with frightful rapidity. Great Britain fought Spain in the days of the Armada and was her ally in the Napoleonic Wars. Britain is the so-called "natural enemy" of France, but they fought together in the last war. Before 1914, Russia was feared all over Europe as a potential enemy and Turkey was considered our friend; but in the Great War Turkey was the enemy and Russia the friend. Similar changes could be cited *ad nauseam* to show how foolishly whole nations allow themselves to be induced overnight to hate or love one another.

I have said that the World War has awakened a limited number of intelligent people to the need for breaking away from narrow traditionalism and for entering into closer cooperation between nations and races. There has to be a colossal turnover of all moral and intellectual forces in the direction of creating among the people an international mind. The task before mankind is to substitute the one common idea of an over-riding commonweal for the many ideas of little commonweals that prevail everywhere to-day.

The question now arises: how is such an idea to be implanted into the minds of the peoples? I can only hint at the



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means at our disposal to accomplish the herculean task involved. I refer those who are interested to the list of books accompanying this paper.

At present in every civilized country there goes on in the national schools, in the patriotic churches, in the national presses and in the nationalized literatures a unity-destroying propaganda of patriotism. The schools teach the most rabid patriotism and the children grow up with an intensity of national egotism that makes them, for all practical international purposes, insane. They are not born with any prejudice against other nations or races, but they are infected with it as soon as they can read. The British child, for instance, learns nothing else but the glories of the British Empire, the French are notoriously concentrated on France, and the Germans are just suffering the bitter consequences of forty years of intensive nationalist education. "My country right or wrong," "La France avant tout," "Deutschland über alles"—these and similar principles are sure guides to wars and disasters for our children and children's children.

The first step will be to release our children from this nationalistic obsession, to teach the masses some truthful history in which each one will see the past and future of his own country in their proper proportion, and some truthful ethnology in which each country will get over the delusion that its people are a distinct, individual, and superior race.

## The Great Task Ahead

THIS is indeed a stupendous task! It is a project to invade hundreds of millions of minds, to attack certain ideas established in those minds and either to efface them or to supplement them and correct them by the new idea of a human brotherhood comprising all mankind. We have to get not only into the present intensely patriotic minds of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians, Germans, and Japanese but also into the remote and difficult minds of Arabs, Turks, Indians, and last, but not least, into the minds of the 400 millions of Chinese. Is there any precedent to justify us in hoping that such a change in world ideas is possible? Let us not be skeptical of what teaching and propaganda can do in such matters! There have been changes more gigantic than this in human thought in the past.

The spread of Christianity changed in a few centuries the whole of western Europe from the wild confusion of warring tribes that followed the break-down of the Roman Empire, into the unity of Christendom. Still more remarkable was the swift transformation, in less than a century, of all the nations and

peoples to the south and west of the Mediterranean, from Spain to Central Asia, into the unity of Islam which has lasted to this day. The mental changes in both cases were immense. The propagandas of these great teachings, as also that of the more ancient Buddhism, changed forever the political and social outlook over vast areas of the world. Yet, while the movement for world unity begins now simultaneously in many countries and in many groups of peoples, and three great religious teachings each radiated from a single centre and were first the ideas of single individuals. And while to-day we deal with great reading populations and can reach them by press, universal distribution of books and lectures, by telegraph and wireless, etc., those earlier changes in human thought were achieved mainly by word of mouth and by manuscripts painfully copied out and passed slowly from hand to hand among populations counting 95 per cent of illiterates. All this was done in the teeth of much bitter opposition and persecution.

At present the movement for a radical revision of our mental attitude towards other nations and races is only a prospective movement and its special concern is with the growing generation. Internationalists use a deferential and almost apologetic language. But the spread of the idea will inevitably work a tremendous change in our politics. The day is not far distant when aggressive and intolerant nationalists, hectoring in the crowd, will be twisted round perforce to the light they refuse to see. First comes the idea, then the full comprehension of the idea by the masses, and the realization will follow and with it will come the contempt for those who still refuse to hear the clear voice of reason.

Rotarians are as yet only the pioneers of a vast up-hill struggle that needs to be waged perhaps for centuries in the minds of men, but "centuries are only moments in the history of humanity." We need no more be discouraged at the apparent indifference of the crowd to our ideal than the farmer who has ploughed his field in the wet and bleak days of February and sown his seeds in the cold winds of March. The seed is in the ground and the idea of the universal brotherhood of man stirs in a multitude of intelligent minds. Perhaps before our lives run out, we may feel the dawn of a greater age perceptible among the black shadows of the present unhappy days.

**Note**—This is the last of a series of two articles by Rotarian Bos. The first article appeared in the January Number.—Editor.

## RECENT CAMPAIGNS by KETCHUM

The Ketchum organization is now in the midst of one campaign in Ohio for three-quarters of a million dollars; one nationwide campaign for an objective of \$1,500,000.00; one in Texas for \$165,000.00, and others in Wisconsin and Pennsylvania cities for smaller objectives.

Recent campaigns on which final or partial reports are possible at this moment are:

### \$175,000.00 RAISED

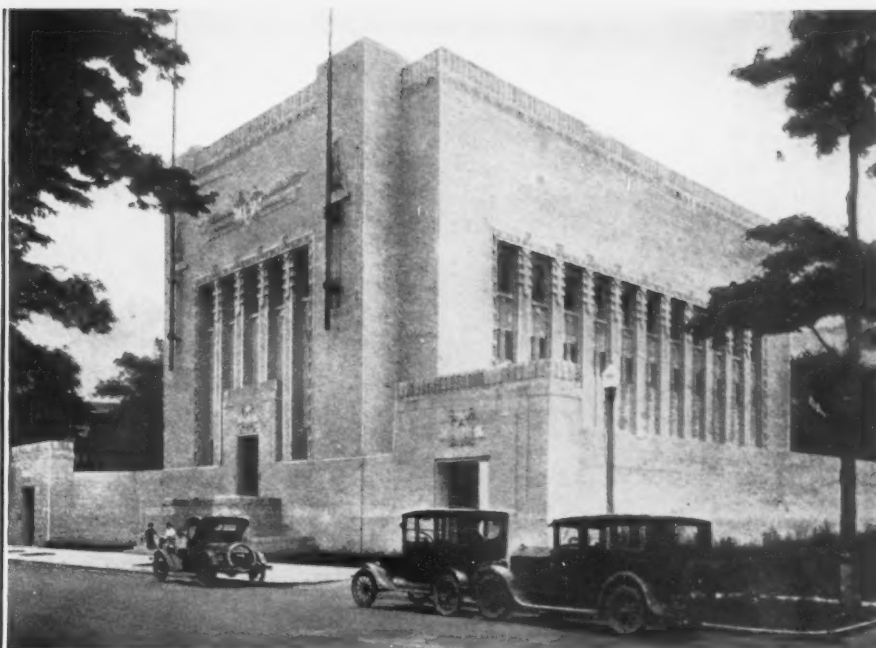
This partial total has already been raised for the Masonic Temple at Ann Arbor, Michigan. The campaign is continuing and will probably achieve another \$50,000.00. It was in that most difficult class of financial campaigns—the debt-paying type.

The campaign was operated under the Lincoln Subscription Refunding Plan, which will eventually repay all subscribers. Write to Ketchum, Inc. for details of the plan.

### \$53,000.00 RAISED

The Masonic Temple of Corry, Pennsylvania, needed \$50,000.00 to free its building from debt. In a campaign directed by the Ketchum organization, the members subscribed the required total and \$3,000 more.

This campaign, too, was conducted under the Lincoln Subscription Refunding Plan.



*Illustration shows the Masonic Temple, Ann Arbor, Michigan, for which \$175,000.00 already has been raised in a campaign under Ketchum direction*

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Like most geniuses John Davey did not care much for money. He had a profound love of nature and was not

only thoroughly trained in horticulture, but was an eager student of the related sciences. He not only gave to the world a new idea, but he gave a fine philosophy also. To him the whole development became a great ideal of usefulness and constructive service. His spirit impressed itself indelibly and is a living force in the organization that he founded and inspired.

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